

NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

# The Academy



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# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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2 November, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

## The Literary Week.

THE issue of new novels has reached such proportions that it is impossible to deal even with the best of them in the space we are able to devote to fiction. Next week we shall publish a Fiction Supplement, which will contain reviews of a large number of new novels, and articles on the fiction of the year.

PRAYER as preface. Dr. Van Dyke, the well-known American minister, has written a unique preface to his latest story, *The Ruling Passion*. It runs as follows:

Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local colour without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and, when that is done, stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.

An admirable petition. But why print it?

WE remark in our review of two books on Fénelon on the duplications of literary work which are so curiously common. This applies to series even more than to individual works. Thus Mr. Heinemann is about to publish a series of classical French romances under the editorship of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and under the title "A Century of French Romance," Excellent. And now Mr. Grant Richards a similar series under the general title of "French Fiction of the Nineteenth Century." We understand that the aim of this series will be to introduce writers who are less well known than the great masters, but whose works are yet necessary to a proper understanding of the literary art and the life and thought of France. Mr. A. R. Waller will be general editor of the series, and Mr. Arthur Symonds will furnish a critical preface to each volume. A start will be made immediately with *Salammô*, by Gustave Flaubert, translated by Mr. J. W. Matthews; and the second volume, also to appear in November, will be *The Latin Quarter*, by Henry Murger, translated by Miss Ellen Marriage. Both translators are thoroughly competent.

IN his remarkable address on "Possible Improvement of the Human Breed under the Existing Conditions of Law and Sentiment," delivered on Tuesday night to the Anthropological Institute, Mr. Francis Galton told a story that served his purpose very well. Speaking of the unwillingness of girls of culture to marry, he related that the president of a women's college was recently asked by a visitor about the after-life of the students. She replied that one-third profited by the education, another third gained little by it, and one-third were failures. "And what becomes of the failures?" "Oh, they marry."

A GOOD deal of enthusiasm is being shown in the formation of the Victor Hugo Museum, which, as we have already stated, will be opened in the poet's house in the Place des Vosges in January. The collection will be disposed on four floors. On the first there will be paintings and engravings inspired by Hugo's works, on the second, drawings and even furniture executed by this marvellously handy genius; on the third, Victor Hugo's death-chamber will be reconstituted; and, higher still, documents of interest will be stored. Many gifts are being offered, and one, which comes all the way from Tokio, is a set of translations into Japanese of three of Hugo's novels.

MR. HENRY JAMES, like most of us, is greatly puzzled by the relation between the literary popularities and the literary achievements of the day. He toils interestingly to discover this relation in an article on Rostand with which the November *Cornhill* opens:

The novel, and even the poem, that sells, sells half a million of copies; the play that draws, draws vast populations, and for months together; and this, accordingly, is the puzzle, the worry—though we hope, as we try to deal with it, but the temporary one—that, do what we will, we are unable altogether to dissociate the idea of acclamation from the idea of distinction. We are in the presence of huge demonstrations, and we ask ourselves if there be really afloat in the world anything like a proportionate amount of art and inspiration. The demonstrations are insistent, the reverberation such as victory or peace, announced to distracted nations, would alone seem to justify, and we are consequently somewhat oppressed—which is the form taken by our embarrassment.

Applying his bewilderment to Rostand's works Mr. James says:

"Cyrano" has been enjoyed, if I am not mistaken, through the length and breadth of the United States, and yet the glamour of "Cyrano" is intensely, exquisitely, in passionate, almost invidious national reference. The particular beauty of the play—and the remark is practically as true of "L'Aiglon"—is in the fantastic, romantic, brilliantly whimsical expression of an ardent French consciousness. The problem before the author was to weave into a dense and glittering tissue every illustration, every reminder that the poetry, history, legend of a particular period would yield; and the measure of his "success," exactly, is in the vividness of this tapestry. The tapestry is marvellously figured, but it is scarcely too much to say that the light of the consciousness aforesaid is required for following the design with intelligence. How much of that intelligence do M. Rostand's spectators and readers about the globe, those of his Anglo-Saxon public in especial, bring to the task? To ask the question is to move again in the world of wonder; for would not the upshot of pushing an inquiry into the relation between the glamour, as I have called it, of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," and the state of mind of the alien populations that have absorbed them—would not this consequence be to make us ask ourselves what such exhibitions, in such conditions, have been taken for?

Precisely. What have "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" been taken for?



In the new *Fortnightly* M. Maeterlinck discourses in a highly Maeterlinckian strain on The Mystery of Justice :

When we deceive or overcome our neighbour, have we deceived or overcome all the forces of Justice? Are all things definitely settled then, and may we go boldly on; or is there a graver, deeper Justice, one less visible, perhaps, but less subject to error: one that is more unive sal, and mightier? . . . The nature of Justice, and all our morality, depend on the answer; and it cannot be fruitless, therefore, to inquire how that great idea of mystic and sovereign Justice, which has undergone more than one transformation since history began, is being received to-day in the heart and mind of man. And is this mystery not the loftiest, the most passionately interesting, of all that remain to us: does it not intertwine with most of the others? Do its vacillations not stir us to the very depths of our soul?

The essay is one of four which will be published in book form.

FROM the contents list of the November *Monthly Review* :

Maksim Gorky .....R. Nisbet Bain.  
Makar Chudra.....Maksim Gorky.

As a variant on "Peter Piper picked . . ." this might do for an exercise of the tongue on winter evenings.

MR. DENT's "Temple Bible," of which the first two volumes, Genesis and Exodus, are published this week, resembles the "Temple Shakespeare" in appearance. It is issued in cloth at 1s. a volume, and in leather at 1s. 6d. Each volume has a frontispiece reproduced from a work of sacred art. To Genesis is prefixed a part of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's picture, "The Days of Creation"; to Exodus, Sir John Millais's picture, "Victory, O Lord," representing the holding up of the hands of Moses. Both pictures are very delicately reproduced in photogravure. The Authorised Version is used, and it is printed as continuous prose, with passages of poetry where the metre permits. But this is not all. The "Temple Bible" is provided with a critical accompaniment at once scholarly and modern. Dr. Sayce edits Genesis, and Dr. A. R. S. Kennedy Exodus. In each case the history of the book is given and its literary problems are discussed. At the end are notes, a map, and a table of "Biblical References in English Literature." No such Bible has yet been issued, and it is probable that this edition will have enormous influence on intelligent, if unlearned, readers. It presents the Bible as literature, with simple yet illuminating commentaries. Each book is light and small, and it is not too much to say that thousands of readers will find in them not only a newly-edited Bible, but new ways and opportunities of reading the Bible.

Does rhyme connect ideas? *Apropos* of our article on this subject, a correspondent informs us that he wrote some illustrative lines two years ago. Whether rhymes be scarce or plentiful (and they are both), there is no doubt that they do connect ideas under both circumstances. Our correspondent elects to consider them scarce, and bewails the fact as follows :

If you're in love you have to lug in "dove,"  
"Her glove," or else appeal to "heaven above";  
There's no alternative, alas! but "shove,"  
For "move" and "prove" are makeshifts at the best,  
Though you must oft with them contented rest.  
Suppose you write of something that doth gladden,  
To find your choice is limited to "sadden"  
Or "madden" makes you mad as any hatter,  
And fit your head against the wall to batter:  
Then, too, when you have said your love's a pattern,  
It's hard to find that you must drag in "slattern";  
'Tis Hobson's choice; as also 'tis with amorous,  
To which the only rhyme, alas! is "clamorous."  
When you are praising Amaryllis' beauty  
What can you do with "sooty," or with "duty"?

Or when you've said your love is quite obdurate,  
How in the world are you to bring in "curate"?  
Sometimes a lovely line that ends in silver  
I've written, but to find no word like "dilver"  
Or "quilver" doth exist—so must forego it,  
A sacrifice to vex the mildest poet!  
Suppose you write about your mistress's window,  
The only rhyme that you will find is "Lindo,"  
And though an actor of some little fame  
Owns that cognomen—Frauk is his front name—  
To bring him in it would the cleverest tease,  
Except in rhymes like Ingoldsby's—or these.  
As hard the case is when you talk of chimney,  
For what's the use of such a rhyme as "Rhymney"?  
Or such a makeshift as a "slim-or-trim-knee"?

ODDLY enough, Mr. Andrew Lang has just been demonstrating how rhymes connect ideas. He and some friends saw an eagle hovering over the scene of the massacre of Glencoe. Mr. Lang spoke darkly of writing a sonnet, and his friends hastened to encourage him, only insisting that he should say nothing about Liberty. "Rhymes were kindly suggested, such as eagle, beagle, regal, inveigle, illegal, and the town of Meigle; the last does not seem very useful, and I have not employed it." The sonnet, which appears in the "Sign of the Ship" in the November *Longman's*, is this :

#### GLENCOE.

(A sonnet, suggested by seeing an eagle hovering over the scene of the massacre perpetrated by the minions of a Dutch usurper.)

Far over hills no Saxon tongue can name,  
Above the shadowy strath behold the Eagle!  
He sees the glen where many a Campbell beagle  
Did deeds of blood, and lust and wrath and shame,  
The splendid spirits of the clans to tame.  
To such an end did wily Stair inveigle  
The loyal Celt, an action all illegal,  
Which even Lord Macaulay notes with blame!  
Spirit of Royal James in form of bird!  
Thou dost behold the scene of gore and fire  
Where vain was great MacIain's martial pith;  
And hast thou heard the melancholy word  
That no MacIain lords it now? The Squire  
Comes of the Sassenach lineage of Smith!

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER had an interesting note in last week's *Tatler* on Byron's valet, the dog-like William Fletcher, whom he thinks ought to have been included, along with many other worthies similarly neglected, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. We cannot agree that the editors of the D.N.B. have been remiss in omitting Fletcher and the other people named by Mr. Shorter, having regard to the scale on which the Dictionary was planned. That scale was big enough in all conscience, but under whatever scale you could adopt there must be exclusions. However, Mr. Shorter's point is that writers like Shakespeare and Scott have been unduly favoured as to space. He might have pleaded Sterne, who occupies a disproportionate number of pages. Personally we look on the D.N.B. as a work of such enterprise and excellence that we are not careful to defend it. It has the flaws of every successful human undertaking. But Mr. Shorter's note on Fletcher is interesting in a small way. Readers of Byron's life do not need to be reminded of Fletcher's twenty years' devotion to his master, ended only when he had brought that master's body to England, and seen it reverently laid to rest. Mr. Shorter points out that no Byron enthusiast seems to have cared to trace Fletcher's after career. The following extract from a newspaper of 1833 is quoted by him :

William Fletcher, the faithful valet of Lord Byron for twenty years, who received the pilgrim's last words at Missolonghi, and did not quit his remains until he had seen them deposited in the family vault at Hucknall, now keeps an Italian warehouse in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, and is there celebrated among the nobility for the fine quality of his macaroni.



THE November *Macmillan* is a very bright number. Young-literary-ladyism and fiction-as-she-is-wrotery are the ingredients of a clever sketch called "The Mystery of Collaboration," wherein the writing of a novel by seven young women, constituting the Minerva Literary Society, is described. The society's idea of collaboration was to fix upon a plot and then divide the story into seven parts, one for each member. These were written separately, and with an heroic disregard of length. However, the novel was finished in MS., and the Minerva Literary Society contemplated it with awe, as they well might do, for one member alone had written 140,000 words. The six others averaged about 70,000 words each. There were ructions and votes of censure, and, in short, the Minerva Society ceased to be. But shortly afterwards a firm of publishers announced a batch of seven new novels as follows:

AIGLE, a Tale of England; by Paolo Trevorski.  
CYRIL AUGUSTUS'S SWEETHEART; by D. L. Burton.  
THE GRANGE WEIRD; by Horace Palast.  
AGLIONE, a Tale of Horror; by Evan Evans.  
DEADLY MOAT; by Herman Bagster.  
THE UNCLE, OR TRUE LOVE; by Francis Cartaret.  
THE AUNT'S CURSE; by Lambert Grayling.

In another part of the magazine Mr. William G. Hutchinson has a readable article on Tom D'Urfey; and "Dickens and Modern Humour" is considered by a third writer. But the most mentionable item is an unpublished poem by Burns, which was found recently among papers belonging to the late Mrs. Barrington, of Monmouthshire. The lines were addressed by Burns to her friend and neighbour, Mrs. Curre, from whom she doubtless obtained them. Mrs. Curre, who died in 1823, was a Dumfriesshire lady. Of Burns's six stanzas we quote the first three:

Oh look na, young Lassie, sae softly and sweetly!  
Oh smile na, young Lassie, sae sweetly on me!  
Ther's nought waur to bear than the mild glance of pity  
When grief swells the heart and the tear blins the e'e.  
Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,  
Just such was the glance that once brightened her e'e;  
But lost is the smile sae impressed on my fancy,  
And could is the heart that sae dear was to me.  
Ilka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,  
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nipet plain;  
The naist turn of Spring shall awaaken their beauty,  
But ne'er can Spring wauken my Nancy again.

In the November *Century Magazine* Prof. W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, has a paper on "American Humour," of which he gives a retrospect. Much of the space, however, is occupied with portraits of the humorists, and these we do not find entertaining. Many of these men of fun and whimsicality look like representative anti-vaccinators, or what you please; their whiskers are out of fashion, and their clothes ill-fitting. We concur with Prof. Trent's selection of Artemus Ward's most typical jest, his message to *Punch*: "I've been lingerin' by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare. It is a success."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us further particulars of the play competition arranged by Mr. Grein eleven years ago in the columns of the *Weekly Comedy*. It seems that only forty-seven authors, and not, as we thought, "about 150," competed. "The winning play was announced in the *Daily News* of the 15th March, 1890, and Mr. Grein at once negotiated with a West-end management of standing for its production in their evening bill. The management, however, did not concur in the judge's choice—though that judge was no other than Mr. Pinero—and the author received from Mr. Grein a compensation for the non-production of his piece."

In the November *Chambers's Journal* there are some interesting extracts from Robert Chambers's *Commonplace*

Book. One item is a very unflattering portrait of "the first gentleman in Europe," which Chambers received from Rogers at the banker's breakfast-table in 1844:

... Amongst other things which enabled George IV. to make a good impression at first were a couple of Latin quotations, which he was sure to bring forward, one from Horace and the other from Virgil. In reality he had no more, and when this was found out the credit he obtained from them was gone.

Chambers mentions that in 1850 Dickens was making three or four thousand a year, Thackeray was spending £1,400 per annum, and Mark Lemon was taking a house at £115 a year. The *Punch* staff dined Mr. Evans, their publisher, at £2 11s. a head, and at their ordinary dinners the port cost 9s. 6d. the bottle.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. announce that they have arranged with the Trustees of the late William Morris for the publication of a limited edition of the following eight volumes in the Golden Type of the Kelmscott Press:

*A Tale of the House of the Wolfings.*  
*The Roots of the Mountains.*  
*Grettir the Strong.*  
*The Volsunga Saga and Three Northern Love Stories.*  
*The Odyssey of Homer.*  
*The Aeneids of Virgil.*  
*Hopes and Fears for Art, and other Lectures.*  
*Signs of Change, and other Lectures.*

It was Mr. Morris's intention to print the full series of his works at the Kelmscott Press; but his death on October 3rd, 1896, led to the closing of the Press in March, 1898, before the project was completed. The wood-blocks for the initials and other ornaments designed by Mr. Morris were presented at this time to the British Museum, the type alone being reserved for future use by the trustees. The success of the five small volumes of Mr. Morris's lectures, hitherto the only books printed with it since the closing of the Kelmscott Press, has prompted the publishers to carry out this larger scheme. The new volumes will be uniform in size with *Love is Enough*, *The Well at the World's End*, and the other large quarto issues of the Kelmscott Press. They are being printed at the Chiswick Press in double columns with the Golden Type, under the immediate direction of the trustees, no pains being spared to make them worthy of a place beside the Kelmscott Press volumes, which are now so widely sought after. The edition will be limited to 315 copies, of which 300 only will be for sale. The eight volumes will be sold in sets only, at the net price of sixteen guineas per set. As each volume is printed the type will be distributed. The first volume, *The House of the Wolfings*, will be published on November 15, 1901, and the remainder at intervals of about a month, beginning in January, 1902.

THREE weeks ago we said we rather liked Dr. Duff, of Bradford. He complained to the Congregational Union recently that there is not "a really good bookshop in the West Riding." By that the learned doctor proceeded to explain that he meant that "there was no shop into which you could walk and ask to see what they had on Plato." And we don't doubt he is right. But much has happened in the interval. The doctor's remark has given pain in Leeds. Briggate is aghast, Boar-lane is stirred to its depths. There has been a correspondence, which we are asked to print. The protest of Leeds and the suave defence of Dr. Duff are as follows:

37, Briggate, Leeds, October 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to the enclosed newspaper cutting, and to ask if you are reported correctly therein. It seems so very unlikely if you are at all aware of the contents of several shops in this city alone, that you would make such erroneous statements.—

Yours truly,

H. WALKER.

Rev. Dr. Duff, Bradford.

9, Selborne-terrace, Bradford,  
Oct. 21st, 1901.

DEAR FRIEND,—For such is anyone who does work like yours in this West Riding that I love. The writer of enclosed paragraph has managed to say just about the sheer opposite to what I tried to say. I was beseeching our Churches not to think of lessening the food for spiritual life of the people about us, who are so earnestly busy with material occupations, and whose souls have a deep, albeit unconscious hunger for such service as you do by your business and our Theological Colleges do by devoting themselves to study of the unseen.—Faithfully yours,

Mr. Henry Walker.

ARCHD. DUFF.

The Editor of the *Yorkshire Post* adds:

We cannot reconcile Dr. Duff's version of his speech with the testimony of the reporters who took a note of what he said. The passage which has interested the booksellers is a verbatim extract from his observations, embodying a specific statement. The paragraph published in the *Evening Post* was extracted from the fuller report in this journal, and that in turn is confirmed by the independent report in the *Manchester Courier*, which is as follows:

The Rev. Dr. Duff (Bradford) said the value of ministerial colleges would not be appreciated until there was a more general love of the highest class of literature on the part of the people. There was not a good bookseller's shop in the whole of the West Riding, simply because among people who were all eagerly running after wealth there was no demand for the books which were precious to the true scholar.

For ourselves we hope to make a surprise Platonic visit to Leeds some day.

## Bibliographical.

I HAVE been looking through the third volume of the Supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, with an eye, in the first place, to the condensed bibliographies with which the memoirs conclude. These, obviously, cannot be exhausted; but I am surprised to find the author of the article on Mrs. Keeley ignoring altogether the book on *The Keeleys on the Stage and at Home*, written by Mr. Walter Goodman, and published in 1895. I think, too, that the writer of the notes of Frederick Locker might have made some reference to the bibliography of Locker which appeared a few years since in the pages of the *Bookman*—a bibliography whose compiler had had the assistance of Locker's daughter, Mrs. Birrell, and of his nephew, Mr. W. A. Locker. It will be news, by the way, to most people that the Rowfant Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, brought out in 1895 a little volume of Locker's verse, put together by himself, and entitled *Rowfant Rhymes*; also that *Patchwork* was printed privately for the Philobiblon Society before it was given to the general public in 1879. Everybody, again, does not know—what Mr. Secombe here tells us—that, “while in prison,” Oscar Wilde “wrote a kind of apology for his life, a MS. amounting to about forty-five thousand words, now in the hands of his literary executor.”

In the *Dictionary's* notice of Sims Reeves, the singer, Mr. F. G. Edwards states that “the professional name ‘Sims’ was adopted at the suggestion of Mme. Puzzi, a vocalist, as a euphonious prefix to Reeves.” The great tenor's baptismal appellation was “John Reeves” simply. The “Sims” seems to have been used for the first time in 1847. One is reminded of a passage in the *Recollections of J. C. Jeaffreson* (1894), in which that writer tells us that “Walter Thornbury” was only the pen-name of George Henry Thornbury, who did not think that “George Henry” was sufficiently “euphonious” as the name of a producer of popular ballads. Jeaffreson goes on to say: “William Hepworth Dixon, my ever dear friend, did not receive the name of Hepworth from his god-parents, but assumed it at his own discretion. Charles Shirley Brooks, whilom editor of *Punch*, called himself Shirley, not because it was his name

by baptismal rite, but because he wished to hear himself called Shirley.” And if an actor or a vocalist or an instrumentalist may christen himself to his own liking, why should not a man of letters be permitted the same privilege?

I notice that “C. K. S.” has drawn attention to the lack of proportion in the *Dictionary*. To take the biographies of men and women of letters: we find only half a page bestowed upon Jean Ingelow, while Miss Anne Manning has a page and a half, Miss Mary Kingsley two pages and a half, and Mrs. Oliphant three pages. To Frederick Locker is assigned a page and three-quarters, while John Nichol has two, F. W. Newman two and a half, F. W. H. Myers two and three-quarters, R. W. Hutton nearly three, and Tom Hughes a little over three. W. J. Linton is dealt with at rather greater length than his wife, Mrs. Lynn Linton. There will always be a difference of opinion as to the relative importance of notable people in the various arts and sciences, but Mr. Stephen and Mr. Lee might have got a little nearer to the general consensus than they have. A great deal of the space in the *Dictionary* has been absolutely wasted.

It would seem as if we were going to have a cult of cats. It was only the other day that Miss Benson gave us her pleasant and suggestive book, *The Soul of a Cat*, and now, I see, we are to have a book about cats called *The Fireside Sphinx*, from the pen of Miss Repplier. Six or seven years ago we had a goodly tome containing pictures of cats and kittens drawn by Mme. Ronner, with letterpress translated from the French. Prior to that, again, was that dainty little anthology, *Concerning Cats*, so well compiled by Mrs. Arthur Tomson, and so attractively illustrated by her husband. This last is one of the most enjoyable collections of its kind. Much the same thing was done, within the last few years, for dogs, but not quite so prettily and gracefully.

The *Geste of Kyng Horn* is to have, it seems, a new editor in the person of Mr. Joseph Hall. It has already been edited for the Roxburgh and Early English Text Societies, and is included, further, in Ritson's *Ancient English Metrical Romances*. Perhaps Mr. Hall may have something to say about the authorship of the *Geste*, which is generally attributed to one Kendale, who figured in the reign of Edward I. Chaucer describes the work as a “romance of price.” An analysis of it, with quotations, is given by Warton. The ballad abridgment of the tale, called “Hynd Horn,” is in most of the collections.

The volume on Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer, promised by Mr. E. L. Taunton, is said to be based mainly on State papers, and may, therefore, have a special value of its own. The most recent account of the Cardinal in book form is that which the late Bishop of London wrote in 1888 for the series of “Twelve English Statesmen.” That was a masterly little monograph, quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes. It is curious, by the way, to note the vitality of the old *Life of Wolsey* by Cavendish. There have been at least two reprints of that within the last sixteen years or so—one in 1885, and another in 1894.

It is a little singular that it should have been left to a publisher in the year of grace 1901 to bring out the first translation into English of Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*. Very little, however, has ever been done for Chateaubriand in this country. I am not aware of the existence of any handy English memoir of him, though, of course, he figures in the cyclopædias.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell's new volume of *Collected Poems* will comprise the contents, rearranged and classified, of his *Spring's Immortality* and *Pictures of Travel*, with the addition of fugitive verses published by him since the appearance of the latter book. No volume of his earlier than *Spring's Immortality* will be drawn upon.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## A Pastor of Courtly Sheep.

*François de Fénelon.* By Viscount St. Cyres, late Student and Lecturer of Christ Church. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

*Fénelon, his Friends and Enemies.* By E. K. Saunders. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a theory, held by modern transcendentalists, which Mr. Clifford Harrison has recommended with some happy and persuasive rhetoric, that there are mental no less than electric currents, so that minds can act on minds from a distance, and ideas, without any figure of speech, may be "in the air."

If those who hold it wished for plausible confirmatory instances, they might well point to the recent course of the publishing world. The "trade" shows a marked tendency to give birth to twins, or even triplets; and this in cases where the lust of gain (one should think) would hardly tempt a publisher to "blanket" his rival. (We thank thee, Lipton, for the word! So much more handy than "take the wind out of his sails.") That might explain the flight of books on Cromwell, when everyone was talking Cromwell. But it seems the rule now that biographies, however unforeseen their heroes, come out in pairs, crossing the line together in a most level start. (Again, our acknowledgments to Sir Thomas.) It is not very long since we had to judge two books entered, so to speak, for the Danton Cup; and now two are launched simultaneously bearing the name of Fénelon. Yet Fénelon is not precisely a burning subject.

Once in the clutches of this seductively popular metaphor, it seems irresistibly convenient to call them Fénelon I. and Fénelon II.—carrying respectively the flags of Viscount St. Cyres and Mr. E. K. Saunders. Of the two, Fénelon I. seems to us the better—it certainly is the cleverer—book. Their construction is remarkably similar in their outward lines: they often follow each other chapter-heading for chapter-heading. But Fénelon II. is the usual panegyric biography, and Mr. Saunders the usual biographer, with a firm faith in his hero's all-righteousness. From this standpoint he tells the story of Fénelon's life clearly and straightforwardly, though with no special graces of style. In point of substance there is not much to choose between them: neither has any advantage of information. But Fénelon I. is not merely a biography, it is a study—a clever study; and Viscount St. Cyres has a cultivated style, which keeps his book at a constant level of attractiveness. It has the disadvantage, perhaps, of seeming a little "down" on his hero; not because he has any real lack of admiration for him, but because he is continually holding level the scales between the violent partisans and violent assailants of Fénelon. For any faulting impression which this may cause, Mr. Saunders will be found an efficient corrective, never failing to put Fénelon's case as strongly as he can. Between them the reader can hardly fail to receive a full impression of the great Archbishop of Cambrai.

Viscount St. Cyres is of mind that Fénelon has suffered in his own land from the flux and reflux of extreme biography; and it was his aim to produce a judicial biography, clean alike of malice or extenuation. To our thought he has succeeded excellently well. Few English biographers could have kept such steady way among the quicksands of the controversy with Bossuet. The whole Quietist business turns on matters which John Bull has gruffly made up his mind that no fellow can understand, and, therefore, they cannot be worth any fellow's understanding. The beef and pudding of spirituality are good enough for him, and should be good enough for everybody else. That on the Fénelon and Bossuet matter Viscount St. Cyres largely countersigns John

Bull's view does not betray him into obtuse contempt and slovenly misunderstanding. It is treated with singular grasp and judiciousness, so that we doubt if an account as steadily impartial has appeared. Mr. Saunders on these affairs is given to cutting the Gordian knot with an amusingly British lordliness of mishandling. Yet Viscount St. Cyres is human; he has "a bee in his bonnet" on the subject of the Jesuits, who never fail to irritate him from his calm, apparently because he has a special cult of the Jansenists.

It was time that Fénelon should find such a biographer, for he was exactly the character to arouse warring judgments. Born of an impoverished aristocratic family in Périgord, he was eminently a Southerner—quick, mobile, intelligent, various, of sympathetic adaptability, a man of many characters, yet far from a man of no character, as is too often the result of such combinations. Bossuet saw and said that he had no simplicity. This heterogeneity always fares ill at the hands of an impatient world, which loves to clap a hasty label on its great men, and know that they are ready docketed for future use. Therefore it has seized now one, now another prominent aspect of him, transferring him from this little drawer to that, and unwilling to confess that he belongs outright to neither. He has descended to us as a writer, but, like Johnson, it was the tongue which gave him greatest influence in his lifetime. Not all at once did he realise his true power. He aspired to Bossuet's eloquent reputation, and his first public employment was as a missionary to the Huguenots, then in process of state-aided conversion. Here idealisation begins at once, representing him as an enlightened apostle of toleration. But Viscount St. Cyres has little trouble in showing that his toleration was of a modified kind. He acquiesced in the general methods of his employers, softening them only in detail. For mild and humane he always was: so much of the legendary Fénelon is undeniable. His true powers developed when his friends, the Duc de Beauvilliers and the Duc de Chevreuse, introduced him to Mme. de Maintenon, and Mme. de Maintenon to the King and to Court.

He seemed born for a pastor of courtly sheep. Sincerely religious he was even then, sincerely ambitious he perhaps scarce ceased to be even in later days. The Duchess of Orléans draws him: a man "with deep-set eyes and ugly face all skin and bone, who talked and laughed quite unaffectedly and easily." And St. Simon, at the time of his appointment to Cambrai: tall, thin, well-built, pale with the exceeding pallor that has been called *pulchrum virorum illustrium colorem* by a Father of the Church, with a great nose, eyes from which fire and genius poured in torrents, a face curious and unlike any other, yet so striking and attractive that, once seen, it could never again be forgotten. His manners were exactly calculated to fascinate these high-bred men and women, among whom Madame de Maintenon had brought religion into fashion. He knew how to address them with a dexterous air of light and flattering raillery, and no man could better carry out St. Paul's counsel to be all things to all men in the service of religion. There was a woman in Fénelon. His ascendancy was of the feminine order, and he instinctively preferred the woman's road to rule—by subtle accommodation, persuasion, and adroit management; his love of power was almost a woman's love of power in its all-absorbingness, its lack of the magnanimity which can acknowledge an equal or a superior; his curious capacity for uniting the most inconsistent qualities in one undeniable personality, for surprising alternately by his greatness and his pettiness; his moods and subtleties—all these things were feminine, and so was his unaccountability to himself. "When I examine into my mind," he said, "I seem to dream; I am to my own conscience like a vision of the night." Woman-like, no less, was his instinctive resort in difficulty to indirect and evasive ways, of which doubtless he was but half-conscious.



Such a man was almost maternally in his place as educator of the Dauphin's son, the young Duke of Burgundy, to which position the De Maintenon influence procured his appointment. He had a difficult pupil—arrogant, passionate, with a keen, sarcastic tongue, quick of intellect, ready to argue with his master, curiously inaccessible to anything but reason, and not even to that in his rages. Yet withal the lad was affectionate. Fénelon has drawn him in his rebellions:

Nothing without, everything within. There was a wrinkle in his stocking this morning, and we shall all have to suffer for it. He cries, he roars, he alarms, he moves pity. Don't speak to him of what he likes best, for that very reason he won't hear a word in its favour. He contradicts others and tries to annoy them; he is furious that they will not be angry. Or else he turns on himself, is wretched, and will not be consoled. He wishes for solitude, but cannot bear to be alone; he comes back to us, and at once quarrels with us all. We must not be silent, we must not talk, we must not laugh, we must not be sad. There is nothing to do but wait until he recovers.

When he recovered, he was ready to jest at his own unreason—presently to give way to it again. This boy Fénelon treated with endless patience and tact, making his lessons a pleasure to him by skilfully humouring his intellectual propensities, and passing with an agreeable desultoriness from subject to subject. A child, he said, could not long fix his mind on a single theme. He appealed carefully to his dominant faculty of reason, attached the boy to him by his affections, and was ever at watch to preach the total regulation of life by principles of religion and humanity. Yet when banishment from Court interrupted the preceptorship, he left behind a one-sided pupil. He had trained him in religion and conduct; but he had deferred the training for royal duties as an after-matter. And there remained a painfully conscientious devotee, full of the most excellent maxims and ideas, but shy, morose, awkward, without decision or character. He had been broken to absolute obedience, but had never learned self-reliance, and the staff withdrawn, Burgundy had no power to walk alone. It was fatally proved when, in later years, he was sent, with Vendôme, to command against Marlborough and Eugene. Anxious and cautious, he originated nothing, opposed everything, would not fight unless sure to win, and prayed in his tent instead of mixing with his captains and soldiers. His return in disgrace cast obloquy on his old teacher:

Acknowledge your pupil, my lord of Cambrai,  
When Lille is blockaded, he's far from the fray,  
In action takes never a part.  
His face is so doleful, his mien is so sad,  
That—answer me—is not the sanctified lad  
A Quietist after your heart?

Such was the contemporary epigram. Could Fénelon, indeed, have given his pupil those qualities of swift, masculine decision which, so far as we can see, he had not himself? At any rate, he never tried.

The Quietist controversy, to which this epigram alludes, was the turning-point of Fénelon's life. Coming just after his appointment to the Archbishopric of Cambrai, it banished him from Court, and showed his weakest side. It arose out of his acquaintance with that much-debated "mystic," Mme. Guyon. Viscount St. Cyres has the courage to question the praises which it is the fashion to heap upon her. Left a widow, she formed a peculiar "spiritual friendship" with a Barnabite priest, one Lacombe. Thereafter, her mysticism took strange forms. She virtually could not sin, for she was united with God: He gave her power to preach, and guided her pen from error:

She could perform miracles, knew what was passing in the minds of others, had absolute power over their minds and bodies. And at her first meeting with Lacombe she developed a new mastery over Graces physically bestowed—the Plenitudes and Spiritual Maternity and Fecondity

that an indignant Bossuet was one day to declare unexampled in the Church—and later defined as an influence so pure that there was nothing of human sentiment in it, a mere flux and reflux, that went from her to Lacombe, and back again, to lose itself in the Divine and Invisible Unity. And in her later career these Graces came upon her in such numbers that she must take to her bed till she could discharge them on someone; it was only after long practice that she learned how to bestow them in silence and from a distance.

She became acquainted with Fénelon through Mme. de Maintenon, and he fell under her religious spell. He was never very intimate with her, but, unhappily, he recommended and partly made himself responsible for her, while through her his own doctrine was called in question. Attacked by the Bishop of Chartres, she (by Fénelon's advice) appealed to the great Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; and, after many troubles, a commission, headed by Bossuet, assembled at Issy, and condemned her writings in very guarded terms. Fénelon signed the articles reluctantly. But Bossuet proceeded to prepare a pamphlet, laying down the doctrine of the Church on the whole subject of mysticism, and the Quietist errors of which De Guyon was accused. Fénelon at first promised approval, but then withdrew his promise, and prepared a counter-statement of his own teachings on the matter, *The Maxims of the Saints*. He promised not to print it till Bossuet's pamphlet had appeared. But by giving it to his impetuous friend De Chevreuse for publication, without telling him that he had explicitly promised to delay it, he secured that De Chevreuse should issue it in his own absence, before Bossuet's pamphlet. Then, of course, he disavowed responsibility for the act. Bossuet was furious. He accused the *Maxims* of heresy; and a fierce conflict of pamphlet and tongue resulted in Fénelon's appeal to Rome. There the extravagances of Fénelon's system were formally condemned, together with the book; but his doctrine on the main issue was left cautiously alone, nor was he accounted heretical. He accepted the condemnation, and retired to his diocese, whither he was banished by the king.

It was a blessing in disguise, rebuking his ambition, deepening his religion, and educing his finest qualities. Thenceforward we see nothing but the great and wise Archbishop, energetically governing his diocese, winning all hearts by his sympathy, his adaptability, his humanity, his sagacious moderation, his charity; the great Director, guiding a flock of souls drawn from the *élite* of France, and to this day edifying men by the gentle wisdom of his letters to these many spiritual clients. The horrors of the war on the Flemish frontier filled Cambrai with sick and wounded soldiers, for whom his benevolence was untiring, lodging them in his palace, aiding them with food, medicines, clothes, money, and personal attendance. If with all his wisdom he still accustomed his clients to an over-reliance in himself, a too blind obedience; if he still had glancings towards the Court whence he was banished, these are human weaknesses. Of that *Télémaque*, which brought on him at first fresh obloquy, and finally lasting fame, as of his other writings, we cannot here speak in detail. The political and humanitarian wisdom of *Télémaque*, with its political and humanitarian extravagances; its beautiful, musical, and evenly-flowing prose; its anticipations of the eighteenth century and Rousseau—on all these things Viscount St. Cyres writes with admirable insight and judgment. But his chief praise is to have given a thinkable picture of a brilliant and bafflingly varied personality, and to have shown its greatness and wisdom, not excluding, but reconcilable with, its liability to error, tortuousness, and self-centredness. For there Fénelon recognised his own peril. Friendly and charitable to all, he took none to his inmost heart; and all his plans for the good of others he was under the necessity of centring round himself. "*L'église, c'est moi*," he might have said.

## The Possible First Author of "Hamlet."

*The Works of Thomas Kyd.* Edited from the Original Texts, with Introduction, Notes, and Facsimiles, by Frederick S. Boas, M.A., Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 15s. net.)

ALL students of the Elizabethan drama owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. Boas for this volume, which is not only the first separate edition of Kyd in modern times, but the first reprint of the plays which has been collated with all the extant quartos, and retains the original spelling. It includes, moreover, all of Kyd that we possess, even to his two prose works (the *Householder's Philosophie*, translated from Tasso, and the pamphlet, *Murder of John Breuen*), and the fragments of verse from Allott's *England's Parnassus*. Besides these are documents concerning the charge of atheism for which Kyd was arrested and Marlowe brought in danger. Prof. Boas re-discovered the originals among the Harleian MSS., and is thus enabled to throw fuller light on the matter, even more important to the biographer of Marlowe than to the biographer of Kyd. His notes are models for their judicious proportion of brevity and fulness: while his introduction is a valuable essay on the numerous obscure and controverted points connected with Kyd's writings and life, no less than an able contribution towards the understanding of Kyd's true place in Elizabethan drama. In regard to the study of Kyd, indeed, it would be hardly an exaggeration to call this an epoch-making edition.

The most of us, if we know Kyd at all, know him chiefly by flouts and gibes. It was the custom of later dramatists to poke fun at his chief play, "The Spanish Tragedy." It is a butt for all manner of sixteenth and seventeenth century playwrights and poets, while Nash (who deserved the epithet of "asp," which Macaulay flung at George Steevens), of course, sneered at him. Hard is it for a dramatist to survive the allied laughter of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It may be doubtful whether Sly's burlesqued quotation came from Shakespeare; but the great poet has jested at Kyd elsewhere, while Jonson was never tired of it. Yet this innumerable laughter of later playwrights is in itself a testimony to the popular vitality of Kyd's chief play; while, when Jonson himself came to write seriously, he did not disdain to measure Shakespeare's greatness by his supremacy—among other supremacies—over "Sporting Kyd." Great men (except, perhaps, the femininely resentful Pope) do not trouble themselves to give more than a passing laugh to that which has no reputation. And Prof. Boas brings out most strikingly the fact that Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" was overwhelmingly the popular play of its age. Its favourite "bits" passed into catchwords, like the sayings of "Pinafore" and other Gilbertian librettos in their day. "Go by, Hieronymo," became a form of slighting setting-by. "It is 'Go by, Jeronimo,'" meant "It is 'all up'" with a man or thing. And so forth with other stock-phrases from the play. After an interval, in which it seemed to have exhausted itself, it was furnished with additions (perhaps by the mocker Ben Jonson himself), and started on a fresh career of triumph, which lasted till the Puritans put drama to the axe with Charles I. Nor was this solely or chiefly through the crudity of public taste. It was one of the many instances in which, not for the last time, construction has borne out purely literary defects. "Hieronymo," as it was familiarly called, was a good acting-play. Kyd was, before all things, an expert playwright, a carpenter of plots, and his plots, withal, were imaginative plots. There was the stuff of great effects in them, such as the loftiest dramatist might not disdain.

If Prof. Boas and others be right, the loftiest of dramatists did not disdain it. He zealously upholds the view, which has been put forward before, that from Kyd Shakespeare took the plot of "Hamlet." To our mind, on the whole,

he makes out a strongly plausible case. We know from contemporary reference that there was an early "Hamlet"; and a passage in Nash identifies it with a dramatist who, from very convincing circumstantial evidence, is almost certainly Kyd. Now the First Quarto "Hamlet" reveals an imperfect and transitional state of the play, in which many critics believe that we have remains of the early play. Prof. Dowden, indeed, thinks the whole of this First Quarto to show Shakespeare's hand. Prof. Boas, on the contrary, takes the view that the last three acts are quite unlike Shakespeare, while they contain distinct resemblances to Kyd. The plot itself of "Hamlet" (he urges), where it departs from the original story drawn from Saxo Grammaticus, shows certain distinct affinities with the plot of "The Spanish Tragedy." We have not space to follow his argument on this point; but he seems to us mainly right, though he sometimes pushes things too far. When he comes to resemblances in the text of the last three acts, we may, however, quote his strongest instances. When Hamlet (in the First Quarto) asks his mother to help him in his revenge, she replies:

I will conceal, consent, and do my best,  
What stratagem so'er thou shalt devise.

Prof. Boas cites the dialogue between Belimperia and Hieronymo in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy":

BEL. Hieronymo, I will consent, conceal,  
And ought that may effect for thine avail,  
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.  
HIER. On then; whatsoever I devise,  
Let me entreat you, grace my practices.

On the news of Ophelia's death, Laertes cries:

Revenge it is must yield this heart relief,  
For woe begets woe, and grief hangs on grief.

Hieronymo, in Kyd's play, cries over his murdered son:

To know the author were some ease of grief,  
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Moreover, he desires "to drown" him "with an ocean of his tears"; which parallels the preceding lines of Laertes:

Too much of water hast thou, Ophelia,  
Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears.

The King in "Hamlet" says to Gertrude:

We'll have Laertes and our son  
Made friends and lovers, as befits them both.

Kyd's Castille exclaims to his son and Hieronymo:

But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,  
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Finally, we may cite Laertes' words to the King:

You have prevailed, my Lord: a while I'll strive  
To bury grief within a tomb of wrath.

With this compare another passage from Kyd:

Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt,  
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.

Other parallels which Prof. Boas quotes seems to us weaker; one altogether weak, the original in both cases being a well-known passage in Genesis. Besides the parallels in the passages we have quoted from the first quarto, the un-Shakespearean movement of the blank verse is very strongly marked. In none of the plays which are certainly the entire work of Shakespeare is there verse so wooden and devoid of vital pulse. At the same time Prof. Boas admits that in the last three acts of the First Quarto "Hamlet" certain characteristics of Kyd are absent. He is driven upon the theory that the early, or Kyd, "Hamlet" had suffered alteration by other hands before Shakespeare finally took it up. Be this as it may (and it obviously weakens his case), we do yet think it strongly probable that Kyd was the author, or first author, of the play from which Shakespeare constructed "Hamlet." We go further, and think it likely that the *scenario* of "Hamlet"



is essentially (though not, it is probable, integrally) that which Kyd constructed.

Of the plays assigned to Kyd in the present volume, "The Spanish Tragedy" is alone worth consideration in much detail, as it is alone indisputably Kyd's. "Cornelia" is a translation from the French poet Robert Garnier; while "Soliman and Perseda" is anonymous; nor does the internal evidence point to Kyd so conclusively as one could wish, though it may probably be his. "The Spanish Tragedy," to our mind, depends almost entirely upon a fine sense of stage-effect, and a cunning, though far from faultless plot. The text, as a rule, is best when it is simplest—a direct expression of the striking situations conceived by Kyd's imagination. No doubt there is a certain sententiousness, imitated from Seneca; but we cannot say that to our mind it ever becomes very striking. When Kyd most aims at being striking in his speeches, he either works himself into rant, or knots together a series of the most unutterable euphuisms. Upon these Ben Jonson's satire fastened: "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" and so forth. Of the other kind, a favourable specimen is the passage which Prof. Boas admires, wherein the mad Hieronymo describes the imagined infernal dwelling of the man who has murdered his son:

There is a path upon your left-hand side  
That leadeth from a guilty Conscience  
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,  
A darksome place and dangerous to pass:  
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,  
Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,  
It will conduct you to despair and death:  
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,  
Within a huge dale of lasting night  
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,  
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes:  
Not far from thence, where murderers have built  
A habitation for their cursed souls,  
There, in a brazen cauldron fixed by Jove,  
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,  
Your-elves shall find Lorenzo bathing him  
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

Prof. Boas, by the way, in the eleventh line of this quotation, misprints "doth" for "doth"—the only error we have noticed. There is undoubtedly a certain imaginative power in the passage, though it never rises very high, and has always a certain perilous verging upon the confines of mere rhetorical effectiveness. But in the close it falls sheer into rant and "blugginess." The madness of Hieronymo, as a whole, placed beside the madness of Lear, is an instructive lesson in "how not to do it"; a series of turgid ravings, which aim to represent madness by their inflated departure from nature and sense, instead of being, like the speeches of Shakespeare's maniacs, sense and nature "jangled out of tune." It is a supreme revelation of Shakespeare's innovating power.

The gift of characterisation which Prof. Boas claims for Kyd we totally fail to see. Except, to a certain rough extent, in the Machiavellian villain Lorenzo, and in the very subordinate comic characters, all the personages seem to us lifeless and colourless. Hieronymo himself is a quite generic, crazed, and revengeful old man, individualised in no one trait. But the imaginative contrivance of situation and plot is undeniable, and herein lies the strength of the play. The murder scene must have been thrilling to an audience which as yet knew not Macbeth. It leans towards horror, the killing and hanging being done on the stage; but it is imaginative, and points the way towards the supreme tragedy of Shakespearean murder, where horror becomes merged in terror. As to the finely ironic effect of the final tragedy, where the murder is done in sight of the murdered man's relations, who suppose themselves to be witnessing a play where the actors do but "kill in jest," there can be no question. Here, as elsewhere, when Kyd is most successful,

the power lies in the stage-situation, and the dialogue which emphasises the tragic irony of the situation is studiously simple, even prosaic. In spite of the inartificiality with which the "hanging fire" of Hieronymo's revenge is accounted for, the too evident dragging-in of scenes for the mere purpose of getting effects to fill up the pause of waiting, the structure of the play is, on the whole, an admirable and powerful conception. The climax is, as we have said, that the assassins of Hieronymo's son are led to take part in a play which requires that they shall be stabbed on the stage. Their father and uncle look on, and applaud the realism of the performance, to learn at the close, from the triumphant lips of Hieronymo, that it has been realistic unto death. It is a splendid stage idea, marred, unluckily, by an orgie of needless horrors and murders at the finish.

As regards the dialogue alone, Charles Lamb's dictum remains true that "the salt of the old play" is certain interpolated scenes and passages. It is known that Henslowe paid Ben Jonson for additions to the drama; but against this must be set the fact that they are totally unlike Jonson's work and alien to all we know of his genius. Who wrote them we shall never certainly know. Coleridge showed less than his usual insight in thinking it might be Shakespeare; the verse has nothing of Shakespeare's movement, nor is the imaginative quality or diction quite in his style. Excrescences on the action of the play, they are of very high poetic merit; sometimes poignantly ironic, sometimes deeply imaginative. We quote Hieronymo's directions to the painter for depicting the murder of his son:

"Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. . . . Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus: and with these words: 'What noise is this? Who calls Hieronymo?' . . . Bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion!"

It is a wonderful miniature. "As you know the wind will wave a man": could anything be more grimly sinister? Then there is Hieronymo's description of the tree on which his son was hung: how he had sown, nursed, and watered it:

At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,  
Till at the length  
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son,  
It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant!

That has the most intimate imagination. It is worth note that one of these interpolations anticipates (though roughly) the metre of "Samson Agonistes." Undoubtedly Prof. Boas's edition of Kyd is a gain to our knowledge of the influences which made the Elizabethan stage.

### A Steward and Student of Books.

*Essays of an Ex-Librarian.* By Richard Garnett. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THESE essays, most—though not all—reprinted from various periodicals, or from the introductions to various books, deserve their collective title. For they bear, as they should do, the imprint of the writer's personality as a steward and student of books, interested in those nice minor questions which arise among professed bookmen, and of which the larger world of literature takes small count. They are the work of one curious in the odd corners and quiet by-ways of



literature. Not that—with one exception—they are exactly recondite or out of the way. But they linger peeringly on what most would think trifles. Exceptions there are, where the author has followed the trodden ways of bookland. And all have the clear, unsuperfluous, sifted style of the scholarly *littérateur*.

One of the exceptions is the essay on Coleridge. Not much which is new can nowadays be said about Coleridge, and Dr. Garnett does not on the whole say anything new. But he traces, with more clearness than we have seen it traced before, the influence of Wordsworth on his friend's poetry. This portion of the essay is very interesting and discriminating. Dr. Garnett remarks that Coleridge's poems exemplify in themselves the transition from the convention left by Pope to the new style; and that for this reason his early poems have a value which does not belong to the inferior work of his contemporaries. The early poems are truly conventional in style, despite their underlying promise of originality. It was the influence of Wordsworth's talk, rather than of his writings, which revolutionised Coleridge's style; it was the opening to him of a new way, which he had not himself found. In all this Dr. Garnett is right. That was Wordsworth's gift to Coleridge; as his gift to Wordsworth was the exalting breath of a philosophic gospel which profoundly interfused and elevated all Wordsworth's subsequent work. A more far-reaching commerce does not exist in poetic history. Dr. Garnett selects, as showing the deep change worked upon Coleridge, that most Wordsworth-tinged poem, "Frost at Midnight." One sees Wordsworth in its subtle natural imagination, no less than in the "general panorama in miniature of the whole year, produced by a dexterous selection of striking picturesque circumstances," which concludes it:

Whether the summer clothe the general earth  
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing  
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch  
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch  
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall  
Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
Or if the secret ministry of frost  
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

The last four lines might well pass for Wordsworth's; and like his, too, is that touch of the "nigh thatch" which "Smokes in the sun thaw."

As Dr. Garnett says:

Previously the poet has excelled in those departments which would have equally befitted a good writer of prose; his present performances have so little in common with prose that, were they even despoiled of their metrical form, they would still be poetry. They are better adapted than anything else in our language to exhibit the fundamental distinction between poetry in its purest form and the thought or narrative whose claims to the title of poetry are metrical expression and artificial diction. They have thus the merit of bringing to the plainest issue the question between the poetry of the intellect and the poetry of the imagination.

To the same class as Coleridge belong the essays on Moore, Emerson, Peacock, &c. Indeed, we have underrated the bulk and importance of the papers which deal with literary celebrities. Yet it remains true that the essays which strike one as distinctive deal with those obscure or disputed points which appeal to the bookman *par excellence*, and their merit is that they all leave clear some matter not previously unravelled, demonstrate, or seek to demonstrate, some new idea. They are not simply otiose. Of such is the essay on the "Date of 'The Tempest,'" which upholds the unpopular view that Shakespeare's play was composed to celebrate the wedding of the Elector Palatine and Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., in 1613. Dr. Garnett in this follows Tieck, Meissner, and Prof. Goldwin Smith, against the unanimous ascription of an earlier date by other commentators. That "The Tempest" was performed on this

occasion we know; and Dr. Garnett's arguments include the seemingly purposeless introduction of the two elaborate masques, which would be explained did Shakespeare write for a Court entertainment, the curiously slight shifting of scene (as if to suit the limited "properties" of a private performance), together with allusions in the play having some affinity with James's situation, and the atmosphere of adventurous discovery, fitting a time when the Virginia plantation was afoot. This theory makes Ferdinand and Miranda to be the royal couple, and Prospero (superficially, at least) James himself. The popular contempt for James has, Dr. Garnett thinks, been of weight in preventing the English acceptance of his view, which, however, has found favour on the Continent, notably with Dr. Brandes. To us it seems by no means unpalatable. The essay on "Vathek" revolutionises the traditional idea as to Beckford's rapid composition of that story; "Shelley and Beaconsfield" reveals some unsuspected affinities between those unlike men; "Gycia" essays to correct a wholesale anachronism in Constantine Porphyrogenitus; and "Translating Homer" introduces some Homeric versions by the author himself. Nowhere can you open without being interested by these cultivated manifestations of a studious life; and the reason is that they have, in Dr. Garnett's own words, "preluded their appeal to public interest by interesting the author himself."

### A Malayan Jungle Book.

*Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest.* Collected and Translated by Walter Skeat. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Cambridge: University Press. 7s. 6d.)

THESE stories, fruit of "the Cambridge expedition of 1899 through the remoter States of the Malay Peninsula," are full of talking animals, and reveal nothing of the subtlety of Malay superstition. They have been rendered in a style appropriate to their simplicity, though once the translator makes the mouse-deer say in modern metaphor: "All right. I'm 'on the spot.'" And they have been illustrated with a care worthy of a text-book on Natural History.

The mouse-deer just mentioned strikes with his very much cloven hoof the keynote of the collection, which is the glorification of chicane. The mouse-deer is described as "a most beautiful little animal, with big dark pleading eyes and all the grace and elegance of a gazelle." His official position seems to have been Chief Dancer of the Wardance in the Kingdom of Solomon, but he appears most characteristically as the deceiver of tigers, who, as long as he is about, discover that they live in a land where it is always the First of April. He is more cunning even than the ape, against whom he is incidentally pitted in a case where Mouse-deer tries to save Friend Elephant from the penalty of losing a foolish wager with a tiger. Mounted on the elephant's back, he has already frightened the tiger away once by crying out, as if he were a dreadful beast of prey, "A single elephant is very short commons," the while the tiger mistakes a stream of molasses running down the elephant's legs for that gambler's life-blood. But the ape meets the retreating tiger and suggests that Mouse-deer was acting the part of the bogey, with the result that the tiger determines to face once more the sticky elephant and his rider.

But Friend Mouse-deer, sitting on Friend Elephant's back, saw them coming and shouted: "Hullo, Father Ape, this is a dog's trick indeed; you promise to bring me two tigers and you only bring me one. I refuse to accept it, Father Ape."

Now when Friend Tiger heard this he ran off as fast as he could . . . and to this day the Tiger is very wroth with the Ape for trying to cheat him.

Their glorification of chicane does not prevent the stories from exhibiting an exalted ideal of honour. Two tigers,

intent on man-eating, agree thus outside the proposed victim's hut: "Whatever you seize shall be your portion, but Whatever plunges down the steps (to escape) shall be mine." But the tiger who was to enter the hut heard "the tune that makes the tiger drowsy," and so fell from his post on the hut-ladder to the ground,

where he was seized by his companion. And when he objected, his companion exclaimed: "Did we not agree that whatever plunged down the steps was to be my portion?" and proceeded to devour him at his leisure.

Equally scrupulous is the winning crocodile in a similar bargain.

Tigers figure in these folk-tales as uniformly stupid, yet there is a Malay legend of tigers who could turn themselves into men, and one even hears of their dwelling under civic government in houses thatched with women's hair. But Mouse-deer has no difficulty in making his striped friend do such domestic work as a charwoman would declaim against; and as regards nerves, the tiger of Malay legend is a true decadent.

Before we leave the animals of this book, we may remark that they have obvious affinity with others that never entered the Ark. They are less didactic than those who figure in the apologues which constitute the oldest matter of the *Arabian Nights*. They are not always the work of skilled fancies, or we should never read of their doing things which the mind's eye cannot see such animals do. There is a good long stride from Hoffmann's Educated Cat to a conception such as Mouse-deer of Malay legend. Both are scientifically incredible, but the Cat persuades us of its felinity even when learning to read, whereas Mouse-deer might be any number of animals without losing or gaining as an illusion.

Mention of a cat reminds us that the, or perhaps more strictly a, Malayan Deluge was preceded by fights between "all manner of beasts." When the dogs and cats fought, "a great Flood came down from the mountains and overwhelmed the people that dwelt in the plains."

Human beings do not figure to advantage in these tales. We have a Tusky Prince who "commanded to slay a boy daily in order that he might eat the heart thereof, wherefore his tasks grew like those of a cannibal, two at top and two at bottom." That is a touch of the penny didactic dreadful. For the rest there is much eloquence in the calm casualness of the dreadful as herein displayed—e.g., the gobbling of living flesh. But one remembers that in *The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen* we are supposed to laugh when the Baron fairly flogs a fox "out of his fine skin" to avoid tearing it. The Baron diverted the late eighteenth century of England. The Malay story-tellers need no better excuse for trifling with our sensibilities.

### First-Hand.

*Andrea Mantegna.* By Paul Kristeller. English Edition by S. Arthur Strong. (Longmans. £3 10s. net.)

"In Padua," wrote Mr. Berenson some years ago, "masters such as Jacopo Bellini, Donatello, and Fra Filippo were all at work, and the younger men certainly studied their productions, and, it may be, enjoyed their actual teaching. It still remains for some investigator to reconstruct this art movement . . . and I venture to prophesy that the result of such researches will be to prove that, deducting the Florentine elements, the so-called school of Squarcione was nothing but an embryonic phase of the Venetian school." Well, Mr. Berenson has found his "investigator," and, better still, his prediction has come true. These are the main and most revolutionary results of Herr Kristeller's labours. The Paduan group, the brief movement that gave birth to the Eremitani frescoes, the statue of Gattamelata,

and the high altar of Il Santo, are vividly and searchingly reconstituted; and poor old Squarcione is clearly proved to be what he undoubtedly was, a clever tradesman, employing and profiting by the work of well-chosen collaborators. He ran a large business, and, possessing commercial qualities of the highest order, secured numerous important commissions easily recognisable for the output of a distinguished and reliable firm.

Mantegna was adopted by this master, but he was also the son-in-law of Jacopo Bellini, the brother-in-law of Gian and Gentile. Squarcione's true relationship becomes evident when the younger man "brings his master before the courts of justice and demands the annulling of a contract which the latter had concluded with him in the year 1448, presumably for the common execution of works. The contract is, in fact, declared null and void on the ground that Mantegna was at the time of contracting still a minor and under the power of his father, and, as one of the judges rules, was deceived by Squarcione."

Squarcione, in short, recognising the lad's ability, gets him to sign certain papers at the age of seventeen, has the use of him for eight years, and evidently wants another eight. Mantegna, at the time foremost among Paduan-born painters, married to Jacopo's daughter, looking to Donatello, Antonio Vivarini, and old Bellini for guidance rather than to his alleged "master," has had enough of a relationship forced on him by the necessities of his penniless youth. The position is no uncommon one even at this day.

So much for the Squarcione myth—indeed, for Squarcione in general; and we now await the results of this most effective demolition of a gentleman who hitherto has been the most useful stop-gap in the history of painting, a fact which, no doubt, accounts for his extreme popularity. He was a saviour of time, labour, and research to all the cheap historians. They will miss him. One views his relegation with the more delight in that it is a further vindication of first-hand and first-class research. Herr Kristeller belongs to that devoted band similar even at this day to the clusters of scholars who exchanged correspondence and black-letter volumes in the times he writes about—the few but fit who have made no concessions to the popular demand for showy writing. Admirably equipped, a linguist, a critic of insight, courage, and sympathy, well versed in the history and personalities of his period, sober in argument and untiring in his search for evidence, he brings his whole experience to bear on this slow and difficult task. We follow Mantegna to the court of the Gonzagas, are made to understand his proud relationship to the family he served, the freedom and expansion of his genius. There is a certain Bohemianism in this story of princely expenditure followed by extreme fits of hard-uppishness. Mantegna suffered or profited by these fluctuations in the fortunes of his protectors, and finally died after passing forty-seven years in one service. We are told all that can be told about his paintings; he is considered as an engraver, and in an appendix is printed such correspondence bearing on the master as has come down to us. In brief, Herr Kristeller's book takes immediate rank as the standard work on Mantegna, a fact that is the more evident when we find so distinguished a scholar as Dr. Strong honouring himself and honouring his university by taking over the sponsorship of the English edition. And we may add that so well is the translation made that it might easily pass for an original.

### Tit Thoughts.

*The Vicar and his Friends.* By Cunningham Geikie. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

DID not Dante once "propose to paint an angel," and did not "Rafael make a century of sonnets"? So likewise did Cardinal Wiseman write a novel, and Cardinal Newman two (to name great men), and Dean Farrar some, and Dr. Mivart



one; and, last, Dr. Geikie, whose works occupy a couple of pages of the British Museum Catalogue, comes along with a book shaped and named, at any rate, to simulate one.

Dr. Geikie has been at some pains to make his Vicar live; he devotes his first chapter to that laudable purpose. Unfortunately he never succeeds in imparting any touch of individuality to the man; he remains a mere universal—a type of the old-fashioned country parson, illuminated with a modern liberalism that is wholly unaware of the obligations of orthodoxy. Above all, it is his function to serve as a safety valve for Dr. Geikie's bursting reservoirs of general information. Not that he stands alone; his friends are just like him. "The Doctor," for instance, not waiting even for an introduction, bursts out with: "Did you notice the sunset, gentlemen, and the broken clouds and films of vapour lit up to the zenith with embroidery of flame?" And on the next page he is reeling off figures:

What would Socrates have said had he thought of the power required to raise these floods to the heavens and to hold their waters overhead till the time came to return them to earth? An inch of rainfall, gentlemen, means a hundred tons' weight on an acre; but the average depth of rain in a year over England at large is thirty-one inches, so that every acre in it receives, say, 3,100 tons of down-pour each year. Now, there are thirty-one millions and a quarter acres in England. . . .

—and so forth. And this gentleman serves equally well to discuss the origin of gunpowder, to calculate the quantity of fuel consumed periodically by the sun, or to crack you a wheeze about the cat that with the aid of a meat tin apparatus succeeded in passing herself off as a ghost. Any of them, again, could give you at a moment's notice a neat table of the reasons in support of the luminous principle: "Let each sex keep to the sphere assigned to it by nature." This encyclopædic book of general information and sound principles of moral conduct is even furnished with an index: Aborigines, Abyssinia, Accadians, Achilles, Acute senses—it begins. But let us try our luck. Here, at p. 218, under "Marriage," we have (the Vicar speaks):

"My husband," said a dear lady to me once, 'told me he wrote down the names of three young ladies when he thought of marriage, and laid them before the Lord, and I was the favoured one.' 'I don't think,' said her daughter, 'it was very complimentary to you that you were one of three!' Honest and simple man, yet shrewd enough, for his prayers directed him to the lady with plenty of money!"

Shrewd and simple Vicar! Well, at any rate, the point was not easy to miss! In fact, this is no more a book than would be a volume of *Tit Bits* or *Great Thoughts*; but you might do worse with a few odd half-hours than expend them in browsing upon it.

### A Long Memory.

*Links with the Past.* By Mrs. Charles Bagot. (Edward Arnold. 16s.)

THIS book calls for no criticism. It is a pleasant record by a lady of high social position and many memories, and its quiet pretensions are fulfilled. Mrs. Bagot saw the first train start from Watford, on the London and Birmingham (now the London and North-Western) Railway. As a girl, and an aristocrat, she was immensely pleased when it was rumoured that Lord Grey and Lord Brougham were to be taken to the Tower, where she devoutly hoped they would be beheaded for their naughty Reform Bill of 1831. She and her brothers and sisters flattened their noses against a window at Moor Park in order to stare at William IV. and Queen Adelaide, who were breakfasting there as the guests of Lord Westminster in 1831. She danced with her fiancé at one of Lady Jersey's great balls at Almack's. By her marriage she became great-niece to the Duke of Wellington, to whom she was then introduced in Lady

Westmorland's box at the opera. "He took my hand and kept it throughout the act. My husband said to me afterwards, 'Why did you not speak to the Duke?' I had been brought up with such intense admiration of him by my father and uncles that I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting hand in hand with the saviour of England and Europe."

Mrs. Bagot thinks that before bicycling young women were much more beautiful. "They had no hard lines about the mouth, and their beautiful skins were preserved by the cottage straw bonnets of the early Victorian period."

Her life in Staffordshire leads her to recall the Rugeley murder. After Palmer's execution a deputation from the town waited on Lord Palmerston to urge him to change its name. "You may call it after me if you like," was his witty reply.

Mrs. Bagot brings her notes up to 1900, and appropriately ends with the mention of her last sight of Queen Victoria, when she drove round London to identify herself with her people in the present war. "On that day she looked so well and happy." It is, of course, a matter of personal impression, but others, we believe, will tell their children that on that day they observed, as never before, the signs of age and weariness.

### Some Essays and an Epigram.

*Essays in Paradox.* By the Author of *Exploded Ideas* and *Times and Days*. (Longmans. 5s.)

THIS is a modest book of light, workmanly, and straightforward essays. Of the average tone, a good specimen is the essay on "Ornament." It enforces the view that ornament is based on use, and is intolerable where it defeats or has no relation to the purpose of a book or other work of art. This is no new doctrine. Ruskin long since set it forth, as regards the domain of painting and sculpture, with insurpassable grace and eloquence. But the present author puts it well in a clear, level-headed way. For instance:

As dirt is matter out of place, so ugliness is ornament out of place. You may have all sorts of dirt in literature; by which I mean that you may have poor similes where they are not wanted, or you may have excellent tropes where they are quite out of place. A church window when I want to see a fine view through clear glass is an impertinent obstruction. There are poems so encrusted with figures of speech, that you cannot, so to speak, see the trees for the leaves. Then you pray for more reticence in your author.

That shows the author's style. It is the fit clothing for a mind of which the prominent character is great good sense and level-headedness, rather than any specially brilliant gifts. The same qualities appear in another passage from the same essay:

After all, a book is a man. It is not merely an enemy of *ennui*, and those who read them to fill empty hours have not learnt the first lesson in reading, and that is, that "books are for betterment." All books are school books. You cannot be quite the same after reading a book as you were before. You must either be better or worse. If the book is a good book you are better; if a bad book you are the worse for it.

This, again, is not new; but we can afford to have it repeated so directly. "All books are school books" is a quite memorable epigram. Of the other essays, some are sketchy and amusing, such as the concluding paper on "Possession," which shows that the owner is apt to be owned by his belongings. Here and there among these are trifles which are rather too "small beer" for inclusion in a volume; nor do we much care for the author's deliberate sentiment. Baby-love may be "quite beautiful" (as the author says), but his recollections of it fatally recall the young loves of Master Copperfield.

## If You are Building a House.

*The Art of Building a House.* By Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

MESSRS. PARKER AND UNWIN are architects in the Midlands, who, having united their intellects in business, have now united them in literature. The result is a pleasant and stimulating book. What the advice of the sapient Mr. *Punch* would be to those about to erect a house we know not: but our own is—first consult the suggestive pages of Messrs. Parker and Unwin, for they certainly know what they are talking about. Personally we like their counsels better than their drawings. To many persons these counsels will often be trite enough, for at this late day there is little that is new to be said about domiciliation; but in such matters as architecture sane triteness is no vice. Only by hammering away can any good be produced. Other persons, who have never thought seriously on the subject at all, will find much that is fresh to dwell upon. For example, this statement: "A kitchen is best north-east or east, for the first coming down into the fireless house may well have its cheerlessness reduced for the servants by what sunshine is to be had at an early hour; later in the day, when the kitchen is hot with cooking, the heat of the sun should not be added." That is sound and kindly. Architects are not always on the side of the servants. Again: "We do not enough consider when we introduce for the first time into a valley a bright red roof how it will haunt the eye from every point of view, and may go far towards marring the beauty of the whole scene by destroying its restfulness." This again is sound and thoughtful. Architects are not always on the side of restfulness in nature. Altogether, we think Messrs. Parker and Unwin very good guides, and not least so when they are commenting upon cottages for the poor on the estates of the rich.

## Between the Deep Sea and —.

*Deep Sea Plunderings.* By F. T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

WHILE Mr. Bullen is writing descriptive sketches of whaling, of fore-castle life, of "running down the Easting," of "hovelling," or even of the struggle of a pious mind among godless seamen, we know his value. But when he essays to tell stories we are puzzled, we cannot exactly place him. He does not seem to fill any niche. There are Mr. Conrad and Mr. Kipling on the far side, and Mr. Jacobs on the near, to do everything that Mr. Bullen does as a novelist, and do it in a vastly more entertaining way.

The good descriptive writer (and Mr. Bullen is a very good descriptive writer) usually fails as a narrator of human passions: the two gifts are so different. Think, for example, of those awful productions which the late George Augustus Sala labelled novels. Mr. Bullen does not wholly fail—we would not suggest that—but his stories, with one exception, can be left unread as easily as any that we have picked up these many months.

The exception is the tale of Elisha Cushing, the sphinx-like captain of the *Beluga*, sperm-whaler. This is a good yarn, well conceived and well told, with a spice of the supernatural in it. Moreover, it offers no room to Mr. Bullen's rather terrible form of humour, which, as is too often the case with people who are not humorists, turns chiefly upon the unreproducible badness of bad language—a tiresome topic. Mr. Bullen's dialect, which is also terrible, the story does not escape: but it survives it in a way that some of the others do not.

The book has pictures suitable to it.

## Other New Books.

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE is the clever lady who goes to places on things. She went through Iceland on ponies, through Finland on a cart, through Norway on snow-shoes, and now she has wandered over Mexico on a horse, astride. Why Mexico? She probably thought that good "copy" was to be found there. So she wound up her sitting-room clock to run for 400 days, and left. Mrs. Tweedie must have a way with her, for she could always motion the right people to her side when sight-seeing. Governors gave her their arms, and caused bands to play while she dined. She went impartially to cock-fights and cathedrals, and never saw such fighting or such devotion. She wept to receive flowers from descendants of the Aztecs, and was easily entertained in a typical Mexican restaurant. President Diaz asked her the age of Lord Roberts, and someone gave her a box of chocolates at Cuernavaca. When she arrived home her clock had still about five months to run, and, before winding it again, she prepared this live, confused, entirely agreeable and well-illustrated book, called *Mexico as I Saw It* (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE note of Mr. Cosmo Rose-Innes's little book, *With Paget's Horse to the Front* (Macqueen), is its breeziness and a certain frank acceptance of the animalism of soldiering. At Chelsea Paget's men were licked into shape by a Colonial lieutenant, of whom we read: "We knew, because we witnessed the fact, that night after night he racketed round town, a votary always of Venus and the god of wine; but we knew, too, because we witnessed the fact, that every morning, with a bright eye and clear head, he was punctually on parade as fresh as paint, and no tangled formation which our inexperience could effect caused him a moment's hesitation or embarrassment. . . . I suppose it was right that his services were dispensed with, but we had to run the risk of much stupid respectability in exchange for much dissolute ability." The 180 pages of this little record can be read in a short railway journey.

AN appeal to the "courteous reader" in the preface to a Dictionary is a gallant survival. The Rev. Thomas Davidson employs it in introducing *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary*, of which he is the editor. The volume contains over 1,200 pages. A fair number of illustrations are let into the columns. Obsolete words found in Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Authorised Version of the Bible are included.

AN interesting and valuable compilation is brought to a close in the fourth volume of Mr. Bushnell Hart's *American History told by Contemporaries* (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net). The ground here covered includes the Mexican war of 1835 and the events of last year. It is singular to find in the early part of the volume a description of a slave auction, taken from the *New York Tribune*, and in the last few pages an address on the future of the negro, full of moderation and enlightenment, by Booker Talinferro Washington, the negro poet and writer, who recently breakfasted with President Roosevelt at the White House.

WHO reads Harrison Ainsworth's novels now? Messrs. Gibbings answer this question by issuing them in a neat "Windsor" edition, and appropriately begin with *Windsor Castle* (2 vols., 5s. net). He is very satisfying in his conventional, full-blooded way.

"Vain woman, your pride will be abased," rejoined Wolesey bitterly.

"Vain man, you are already abased," replied Anne [Boleyn]. "A few weeks ago I would have made terms with you. Now I am your mortal enemy, and I will never rest till I have procured your downfall."

The scene might have been painted by Northcote.



## Fiction.

*Some Women I Have Known.* By Maarten Maartens.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THE *ingenus* invented by Scribe is dead for ever—or at least she has passed simpering out of respectable literary circles. But the famous *femme incomprise*, invented once for all by Richardson, and re-invented by Balzac, Turgenev, Paul Bourget, Marcel Prévost, and many others, still lives and cuts a figure in the smart world, her age a changeless thirty or thereabouts. Of the dozen women whom Mr. Maartens has known, the majority were decidedly *incomprises*. They have the correct nomenclature—The Duchess Eleanor, Madame de Liancourt, Diane de Bragade: their very names define them. We must not be suspected of a desire to launch a mild sneer at Mr. Maarten's book. We have enjoyed it, and we think it contains much excellent work. It has quite all the wit, the discretion, the utter worldliness of Mr. Anthony Hope's social studies; it possesses the air of having been written by the sort of man whom Mr. Charles Wyndham delights to portray on the stage. And it has, in addition, a genuine cosmopolitanism rare enough in English fiction. Reading it, one feels that to Mr. Maartens England, instead of being the centre of the greatest empire, &c., &c., is merely one country in Europe, and that Mr. Maartens knows exactly as much about several other countries as about the country of Charles Spurgeon. The faults of a volume of which the chief interest is feminine and psychological are shortly these. First, the author seems scarcely to have decided whether he was writing short stories or mere studies of character. And the result is an impression on the reader's mind that there should have been either no incident at all, or a little more than there is. Most of the tales, if they are tales, leave one in a condition of surmise. Second, the dialogue is apt to degenerate into an exchange of those vaguely suggestive similes which (it is a matter of common knowledge) real people never by any chance employ:

"Shall we go to bed, mon Prince?" she said. "It is one o'clock. Cinderella . . . kept earlier hours than that."

"You are always sleepy before anyone else is. It is a relic of Faussinières, where everybody sleeps all day in the eternal dulness of the woods."

"Like the sleeping beauty," she answered. . . . "Mind lest the wrong Prince wakes me!"

Third, Mr. Maartens is too often content with a coarse and unoriginal characterisation—a rather annoying fault in a man who has shown himself capable of extreme subtlety in this respect. Here is an instance: "He is every man's envy! And every woman's ambition! The men bribe his tailor—the women?—for a woman it is the *baton de Maréchal* to have made the conquest of Guy de Belvalette." Fourth, and last, we must return to our starting-point, and take exception to the monotonous preponderance of the *femme incomprise*, that excellent dame who has now "lived in three centuries."

*Circumstances.* By S. Weir Mitchell.  
(Macmillan. 6s.)

IN a preliminary note the author says: "On a hilltop of an island endeared to me by many memories the ocean wind has permanently bent pine, fir, and spruce. Here and there a single tree remains upright—staunchly refusing to record the effect of circumstance on character." Hence, we suppose, the title. But the book is not such as the note would lead us to anticipate. We are not impressed by the warring of circumstance and character. We are not, indeed, impressed at all. The story is of the sort that might well be written by a doctor of wide experience in mankind and practised in the craft of English composition. That the

book fails is merely a proof that something besides knowledge of men and the ability to write decent English is necessary to the outfit of a novelist. This something is creative power, imaginative force, denied to Dr. Weir Mitchell from the beginning. The fault is not his. In this complex narrative of American social and business life in the nineteenth century he has obviously made a serious and successful effort to put away the saccharine sentimentalism of his historical novels. He has tried to be realistic, and he is realistic. He has tried to see his characters with stern impartiality; his impartiality is occasionally so marked as to be painful. He is probably never wrong in his facts; there is nothing of the genial optimist about him here. In a word, the tale would be true—if it truly existed at all, if it made any genuine and convincing impression on the reader. As a projection of life it simply does not exist. It lacks, entirely lacks, the incommunicable breath of vitality. By virtue of that breath Blake could make even a

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,

seem as real as a cat on a doorstep. A couple of lines and you see the enormous beast blazing at you through the impassable jungle of the front garden. How did he breathe life into ten ordinary words? Merely by seeing the tiger for himself first, by being himself fascinated by that savage glare, by himself trembling before that "fearful symmetry." Dr. Mitchell has not done likewise. He has ingeniously pieced a narrative together, but as for seeing, as for feeling—No!

*Joseph Khassan, Half-Caste.* By A. J. Dawson  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a further addition to the already fairly long list of Mr. Dawson's Moorish studies. Apparently its moral is the old moral that you cannot expect anything from a half-caste except feminine charm and an absolute unreliability. Joseph Khassan, the offspring of a Christianised Turk and a Spanish woman, began his career in Morocco ("Morocco, basking like a tiger-cat beside the Mediterranean"), and, having married a pious Englishwoman, set up in London as a religious enthusiast. He had a kind heart, his brotherliness embraced the whole of mankind; and for a certain period he succeeded. Then he was found out—in licentiousness, in dishonesty, and in other smaller sins. He made a sham suicide, and returned to Morocco to adopt the profession of hermit. Mr. Dawson's portrait of Khassan is very clever, the one very clever thing in the volume. It is a rather convincing picture of a half-caste. The rest, we fear, is mainly agreeable sentences. The secondary hero, Dick Dunn, is just one of those good-natured Bohemian journalists whom Mr. Dawson seems quite unable to keep out of his romances. Khassan's wife is not satisfactory; nor are any of the London scenes realised as Mr. Dawson can realise a scene in, say, Tangier. The author's mannerisms show no tendency to disappear. We still have "anent," "from out," and other similar locutions. We also have clumsy English: for example, "the church hung fire," and "function" used in its wrong journalistic sense. We mention such trifles because Mr. Dawson has before now effectively classed himself with the few novelists who meticulously care for their language. *Joseph Khassan* is by no means a first-rate specimen of what Mr. Dawson can do. It suffers from its facility, from its occasional trivial smartness, from the very obvious influence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and from a central lack of imaginative power. It cannot compare, for instance, with *Daniel Whyte*, or with the best things in *African Nights Entertainment*. We esteem Mr. Dawson's talent, and we think the moment has arrived for him, of set high purpose to attempt and achieve a truly large work.

*God's Rebel.* By Hulbert Fuller.  
(Jarrold. 6s.)

FOR no apparent reason, except that a gambling scene has a sort of fascination for the third-rate novelist, this American novel begins in Monaco. Mr. Fuller twice makes his croupier utter a very curious phrase, *Rein ne vu plus*. The iteration of this cryptic remark in the first chapter prejudiced us against the whole book. It is a tedious and confusing story, very much inferior to some American novels which we have been lately receiving. The interest is constantly shifted from person to person; the incidents are never illustrative, and the reader gradually loses all sense of direction. The style is an irritating admixture of trite figures and turns of speech.

On the contrary, aside from a certain pugnacity of disposition which was oddly at variance with his dreamy nature, the lad grew up wedded to books and music.

Yet the author has had the ambition to write a novel which should embrace a wider field than the ordinary triangular love-story. He has tried to make a tale out of certain social and economic phenomena in America to-day. He has failed, partly because he does not know his craft, and partly because he lacks imaginative power. His manipulation of industrial enterprises, and the devious tricks of capital against labour, is marked by a painful clumsiness. Nor do his footnotes tend to smooth the reader's path:

The facts confirmatory of this chapter may be read in the *Congressional Report on Trusts*, 1888, or in Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's *Wealth against Commonwealth*.

"May they!" the reader is likely to exclaim.

The author trusts he need scarcely remind the reader that the above story is no fabrication. Time, scene, and facts may readily be verified.

It is possible.

In short, *God's Rebel* is an error of discretion.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the *Week's Fiction* are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY  
SQUARE.

BY ROBERT HICHENS.

A tragic extravaganza. The prophet is a youth who comes under the influence of a charlatan—the astronomer, Sir Tiglath Butt—and suffers. The Prophet was "a man of thirty-eight, of excellent fortune, of fine connections and of admirable disposition." The Prophet was introduced to Sir Tiglath at the Colley Cibber Club. The astronomer had an "enormous brick-red face, round body, turned legs, eyes like marbles and a capacity for drinking port wine." The story is modern, amusing, and impossible, which is to hint that it is by Mr. Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.)

COUNT HANNIBAL.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

A French historical romance, in Mr. Weyman's well-known manner—hairbreadth escapes, moving accidents, &c. The story, which moves briskly, is laid in France in 1572, and before long we are in the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "Suddenly a rush of feet, a roar of voices surged past the window; for a moment the glare of the torches, which danced ruddily on the walls of the room, showed a severed head borne above the multitude on a pike." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MARIETTA.

BY FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

Mr. Crawford explains in a note that he has adapted an old Venetian story. The hero, Zorzi, a Dalmatian waif, is taken into the service of old Angelo the glass-blower, who feared that a man of his own caste would fall in love with his daughter Marietta. In the fifteenth century it was unlawful to teach a foreigner the art of glass-blowing, and old Antonio, intent on art, hardly realised that both Zorzi and Marietta were learning much. The course of the story is easily foreseen and pleasantly realised. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IRISH PASTORALS.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Nine pastorals which should interest those correspondents who have written to us on the Irish brogue. "Arrah, whisht wi' yours," retorted Mike. "D'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good the sun or the spring does any man when the blood's cowl'd in him." The pastorals have such titles as "The Planters," "The Turf-Cutters," "The Mowers," "The Haymakers," "The Reapers," "The Diggers." (Richards. 6s.)

THE ROAD TO FRONTENAC.

BY S. MERWIN.

A good, swinging historical novel, opening what time new France had acquired nearly all the fur trade of the Great Lakes. The English Governor, Dongan, of New York, dared not fight openly for it, but he armed the Iroquois and set them against the French. So in the spring of 1687 preparations were being made for a great campaign against the Iroquois. (Murray. 6s.)

A SOLDIER OF VIRGINIA.

BY B. E. STEVENSON.

A tale of Colonel Washington and Braddock's defeat. "It was not until he had sneered at me openly across the boards that I felt my self-control slipping from me. 'Lieutenant Allen seems to have a poor opinion of the Virginia troops,' I said, as calmly as I could. 'Egad, you are right,' he retorted, his eyes full on mine." (Duckworth. 6s.)

THE STORY OF SARAH.

BY M. LOUISE FORSSLUND.

A little Dutch seaside community in America supplies the author with her local colour and some of her characters. The story is not easily described, as its effect depends entirely on its faithful and humorous detail. As in so many American stories of the quieter types, the love-making gains much by its rough setting. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

KITTY FAIRHALL.

BY JOHN HALSHAM.

Village life and character, and a story quiet as an old lady's yarn. A novel in which the lovers marry on eighteen shillings a week cannot be called sensational. She was to have married the gamekeeper fellow at Binestead, but preferred Harry Marchant, and the bells rang, and the procession walked, and the rector and the vicar moralised and quoted Latin to each other. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

LOVE'S CROSS WAYS.

BY A. M. DIEHL.

"I am Roland Karl Heinrich Adolph of Hohenschlangen-berg." We can understand Marie's agitation. For a woman to be told that by her dancing-master, with whom she has fallen in love at college, that he is all this is too sumptuously agitating; but then this is a sumptuously agitating story. A clasping, kissing story, in which someone is always yearning, or daring, to touch someone else's hand. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

We have also received *The World and Winston*, by Edith Henrietta Fowler (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.); *Three Men of Mark*, by Sarah Tytler (Chatto, 6s.); *A Flower of Asia*, by Cyril (Burns & Oates, 6s.); *A Late Repentance*, by T. W. Speight (Digby, Long, 6s.); *The Case and the Cure*, by Gertrude Gordon (Sands, 3s. 6d.); *A Social Pretender*, by Winifred Graham (Long, 6s.); *Cynthia's Damages*, by Reginald Turner (Greening, 6s.).



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## Where is the World?

'Where is the world,' cries Young, "at eighty? Where the world in which a man was born?" Alas! Where is the world of eight years past? 'Twas there—I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass! Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on ere A silent change dissolves the glittering mass. Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings, And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

## Ye annals

So brilliant, where the lists of routs and dances is,—  
Thou *Morning Post*, sole record of the panels  
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies  
Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those channels?  
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,  
Because the times have hardly left them one tenant.

THUS Byron in 1823, and for some such exclamation the time is always ripe. Byron's recurred to us in watching the elegances and vagaries of Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington at Her Majesty's Theatre. Such a play as "The Last of the Dandies" must needs be interesting. It recalls the most brilliant part of life in a period which the old can remember. Perhaps it would not be easy to find in London a man who has seen Count D'Orsay, but it would be easy to find men who might have seen him. Sir Algernon West, we know, remembers him, and Gore House, at Kensington, the scene of the play. Crockford's, of course, he must have known well. He can recall the young Disraeli, that wondrous creature, who at Her Majesty's walks into Lady Blessington's reception room, in a black coat and knee-breeches, to tell the company, with his face to the footlights, that one day the House shall hear him. Oddly enough, Sir Algernon never heard at the time of the shouts of ridicule which that maiden speech called forth, or of Disraeli's historic back answer.

In some respects this impersonation of the young Disraeli is the most interesting thing in the play, though its appeal is almost entirely to the eye and to association. You thrill—you cannot help it—when the footman bawls his name. At this time, 1849, he had written all his novels save, of course, *Lothair* and *Endymion*. And an odd source of pleasure is the fact that the scenes which you are watching are more or less contained in *Henrietta Temple*, and are savoured in *Tancred*, *Coningsby*, and *Venetia*. The impersonation may be a disturbing element in the play and the interest it excites may be adventitious; but the truth is that "The Last of the Dandies" is important, not as a play, but as a series of tableaux. To enjoy it one should lean back in a cushioned seat and give oneself to 1849, to the London, the dress, the manners, the ideas, and the follies of the mid-century. There is a shallow yet very pardonable enjoyment to be had from this surrender. Thus people spake and looked! For our part we are not so sophisticated as to be unable to gaze with keen delight through such a loophole into "the world in which a man was born." We own that we can accept such personations with a certain child-like indifference to anything beyond—as, for instance, to the dramatic art which they are intended to

serve. This, then, is the Countess Guiccioli! Not at all like her, to be sure, if portraiture has spoken truth; but you don't think of that while you look at yon black-haired beauty in a red robe sprinkled with lace. This is the bride who sprang from the husband who had bought her in Ravenna to the poet who loved her in Venice. This was she with whom Byron stood at Dante's tomb, and roamed the Ravennese pine-woods, and to whom he wrote in her copy of "Corinne": "You will recognise the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but more so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. . . . My destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent." It was all mad, bad, and sad, of course; and the man of the world can join his sneer to the moralist's wrath; but Byron is before them both with his Ravenna diary:

Through life's road, so dim and dirty,  
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.  
What have these years left to me?  
Nothing—except thirty-three.

They left something to the world which it will not willingly let die, and a desire in many minds to think the best of him who thus—and often thus—abased himself.

So the Guiccioli of "Her Majesty's" does not cross the stage unwatched. Her Byron, however, has been dead twenty-three years, and now Mr. Benjamin Disraeli is dancing with her. And some of us, who are yet young, have seen the traffic parted at Piccadilly Circus while Lord Beaconsfield, a grave and waxen figure, with every secret of Downing Street in his breast, walked slowly across on a policeman's arm! Perhaps no life of our age has presented a range so vast and striking as that of the Disraeli who lounged at Gore House, or at Crockford's tables, in embroidered waistcoats, his fingers covered with jewellery, in his hand a tasselled cane, and the Disraeli who annexed Cyprus and made Queen Victoria an Empress.

We cannot here pretend to recall the dazzling and prodigious gaities in which the author of *Vivian Grey* bore his part. The annals of those days are a library. At Gore House, on the rural Kensington Road, Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay—living in relations which have never been defined though often denounced—received princes, statesmen, soldiers, poets, exiles. The overflowing hospitality, the splendour of the rooms, the pictures, the bric-a-brac, the beauty of the great garden where laburnum gilded the air and the nightingales sang in the thickets, the wit and beauty of the Countess and the polish and versatile perfections of D'Orsay carried all before them. Hither the most instant news was brought. Here State secrets were common talk. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Chesterfield, Brougham, and Landseer strolled on to the lawn. Lord Lytton, Thackeray, and Dickens were visitors in the zenith of their fame. Landor, who had spent the happiest days of his life with the Blessingtons in their villa on the Arno, found in Gore House the quintessence of London. In the great drawing-room Moore held these men spellbound with his songs. Nathaniel Willis relates that one evening he sang "When First I Met Thee" with a pathos that beggared description. "When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered."

As for the Count, the diaries written by his friends reveal him, with all his private faults, as a man of incomparable charm, *savoir faire*, and generosity. He was above six feet in height, and in form a statue. He had a leg; his hip swelled like a summer wave; his coat collars rolled sublime, and tailors and valets served him with piety. Captain Gronow says: "When I used to see him driving in his tilbury, some thirty years ago, I fancied that he looked like some gorgeous dragon-fly skimming through

the air; and, though all was dazzling and showy, yet there was a kind of harmony which precluded any idea or accusation of bad taste." Of such the world hath need. But the Count shone also as a painter, a horseman, a fencer, a wit, and a friend in adversity. As Count Mirabel in *Henrietta Temple* he radiates happiness, and his rescue of Ferdinand Armine from the sponging house is only like a transcript of one of his good deeds.

The day wore away, the twilight shades were descending; Ferdinand became every moment more melancholy, when suddenly his constant ally, the waiter, rushed into the room. "My eye, sir, here is a regular nob enquiring for you. I told you it would be all right."

"Who is it?"

"Here he is coming up."

Ferdinand caught the triumphant tones of Mirabel on the staircase.

"Which is the room? Show me directly. Ah! Armine, *mon ami! mon cher!* Is this your friendship? To be in this cursed hole, and not send for me! *C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie* to pretend we are friends! How are you, good fellow, fine fellow, excellent Armine? If you were not here I would quarrel with you. There, go away, man." The waiter disappeared, and Count Mirabel seated himself on the hard sofa.

"My dear fellow," continued the Count, twirling the prettiest cane in the world, "this is a *bêtise* of you to be here and not send for me. Who has put you here?"

"My dear Mirabel, it is all up."

"Pah! How much is it?"

"I tell you I am done up. It has got about that the marriage is off, and Morris and Levison have nabbed me for all the arrears of my cursed annuities."

"But how much?"

"Between two and three thousand."

The Count Mirabel gave a whistle.

"I brought five hundred, which I have. We must get he rest somehow or other."

"By Jove, Mirabel, I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. Now you are a friend; I feel quite in spirits."

"To be sure! always be in spirits. *C'est une bêtise* not to be in spirits. Everything is sure to go well. You will see how I will manage these fellows, and I will come and dine with you every day until you are out: you shall not be here eight-and-forty hours. As I go home I will stop at Mitchell's and get you a novel by Paul de Kock. Have you ever read Paul de Kock's books?"

"Never," said Ferdinand.

"What a fortunate man to be arrested! Now you can read Paul de Kock! By Jove! you are the most lucky fellow I know. You see, you thought yourself very miserable in being arrested. 'Tis the finest thing in the world, for now you will read *Mon Voisin Raymond*. There are always two sides to a case."

This scene from Disraeli's novel seems to have furnished Mr. Fitolf with several good hints; indeed, in both versions of his career, D'Orsay appears as the mender of a broken love affair. Nor does Disraeli forget the dandy in the good fellow. "The best-dressed man in London, fresh and gay as a bird," he canters through Hyde Park. "He reins in his steed beneath a tree, under whose shade are assembled a knot of listless cavaliers. The Count receives their congratulations, for this morning he has won his pigeon match."

Even for Crockford, whose heavenly "hell" in St. James's-street is staged at Her Majesty's with interesting effect, Disraeli has a good word; but then he is writing of an age in which great excellences and great errors were often blended. We have always liked the passage in which Mr. Bond Sharpe surveys his gaming tables and opens his heart to Ferdinand:

"I have risen by pursuits which the world does not consider reputable, yet, if I had not had recourse to them, I should be less than nothing. My mind, I think, is equal to my fortune; I am still young, and I would now avail myself of my power and establish myself in the land, a recognised member of society. But this cannot be. Society shrinks from an obscure foundling, a prize-fighter, a leg,

a bell-keeper, and an usurer. Debarred therefore from a fair theatre for my energy and capital, I am forced to occupy, perhaps exhaust, myself in multiplied speculations. Hitherto they have flourished, and, perhaps, my theatre, or my newspaper, may be as profitable as my stud. But I would gladly emancipate myself. These efforts seem to me, as it were, unnecessary and unnatural. The great object has been gained. It is a tempting of fate. I have sometimes thought myself the Napoleon of the sporting world; I may yet find my St. Helena."

"Forewarned, forearmed, Mr. Sharpe."

"I move in a magic circle: it is difficult to extricate myself from it. Now, for instance, there is not a man in the room who is not my slave. You see how they treat me. They place me upon an equality with them. They know my weakness; they fool me to the top of my bent. And yet there is not a man in that room who, if I were to break to-morrow, would walk down St. James's-street to serve me. Yes! there is one; there is the Count. He has a great and generous soul. I believe Count Mirabel sympathises with my situation."

Of this London of fifty years ago, its daylight and its night fumes, Disraeli's novels are full. On a day we drive to Richmond in "the most perfect cabriolet in London," and come back by water. "It was a delicious summer evening. The setting sun bathed the bowers of Fulham with refulgent light, just as they were off delicate Rosebank." D'Orsay sang a Spanish serenade, thrumming on his sleeve. Westminster Bridge was reached, and in britches and chariot the party dispersed. Ah, these golden evenings that have been—these unite the generations of Londoners. The salons may empty, the gaming-tables be broken, the gilt fade from wall and pillar, the sounds of the street may keep their endless gamut of change, but still on Lambeth Palace the sunset throws a quiet glory, still in Kensington Gardens the sheep wander and bleat, and the great trees grow greater in the squares, and the night wind blows freshly from the west in Oxford-street, while the lights shake for miles, and two friends, young, poetic, and amazed by life, elbow and chant their way through the crowd of the day and year. This was and is and shall be. Londoners go, and their graves are paved over, but London awakes every morning. To Youth, as to Mr. Yerkes, it is still "virgin ground."

## Things Seen.

### An Old Lady.

I OPENED a new volume of essays, and in one of them, under the title "On the Art of Taking Things Coolly," my eye fell upon this passage: "How much of the quiet happiness of the world depends on the careful thrift of self-denying men and women who have passed to their rest."

And I saw a little old lady who had passed her uneventful life from youth to age in an unimportant seaport town. Shy, sensitive, prim, she asked nothing but to be allowed to live out her days in her own way, pursuing her orderly ideal. She was of those to whom the practice of self-denial is a daily habit. With her the question always was: "What can I do without?" Clothes, food, pleasures, friends, were all reduced to a minimum. One unobtrusive servant she kept, and she always made her own bed. Her recreation was the collection of seaweed, which she dried and fixed neatly in monstrous albums. She never had but two dresses in wear. They were black, and one was worn only on Sundays. She was accused of meanness by the neighbours; she never resented the imputation. The conduct of her life had been carefully thought out and was ordered on a principle that gave her a gentle satisfaction. Why should she explain it to the world? When she died, at the age of seventy, besides her furniture and personal effects, the executors had to dispose of nine large volumes of dried seaweed. She also left sixteen thousand pounds—



"To be divided among my fourteen dear nephews and nieces."

So it happened that fourteen men and women scattered over the country each came into possession of a sum that made a permanent difference in their lives. It was not much, you may say, but it was enough to give them confidence in the day, to make them feel that they had a protection against the assaults of illness and bad luck. Most of them had never seen that little old lady, their shy relation, and none of them knew of the economies she was practising during her lifetime, of the comforts she denied herself in order to carry out the rule of life she had set herself. I thought of her when I read that passage—"How much of the quiet happiness of the world depends on the careful thrift of self-denying men and women who have passed to their rest."

### The Circus Passes.

WHETHER I was awakened by the dog, or the din that awakened him, or both combined, I cannot tell. But I know I found myself out of bed, and craning out of the window, in time to see a procession much more effective than any I have seen under circus canvas. It was just gray day, no more, and through the mist there passed great vans, cars, horses, shouting men, elephants, and camels. The ground shook with their going; whips cracked; all the dogs of the village barked in chorus. The great gilded car which, later, would bear a circus-queen in triumph through a sleepy Surrey town was swathed in canvas. The horses which drew it were led by an Ethiopian, "black as the constant sun could make him." It was as though I had chanced upon a rehearsal for a Roman triumph.

The elephants interested me most. There was about them a majestic and patient innocence which seemed to be inspired by the memory of many generations. I wondered how they lived and how they endured such trivial bondage. One question was partly answered in an unexpected manner. The leader of the five paused at the garden fence which adjoins mine, and proceeded to appropriate cabbage after cabbage.

To him they were like cherries to a boy—no more.

## The New Irish Movement.

### A Conversation.

As he climbed into the railway carriage I instinctively recognised the enthusiast. A badge of the Gaelic League dangled at his button-hole, in one hand he carried a copy of *An Claidheamh Solais*, and the green cover of O'Growney's Irish Grammar peeped from his pocket.

In a few minutes we drifted into conversation, and he told me he was going to spend his holidays at an Irish-speaking village in Donegal.

"Though I must confess," he added modestly, "that my knowledge of Irish is rather limited. I began it only last winter and I'm in the fourth part of O'Growney now—still it will be a splendid experience."

"But look here," I asked, "what's behind it all? Do you mean to do away with English altogether?"

He shook his head. "That is to look too far in front; at present our ambition is not so great. In the first place, we want our people to know something of their own land."

He pointed out of the window to the country steeped in the autumn sunshine, to the yellow corn-fields, the scattered white cottages, and the mountains covered with heather.

"As far as you can see," he said, "there's not a hill nor a stream that has not a legend or a tale connected with it;

and without a knowledge of Gaelic the country is a closed book to you. This is one side of the movement that makes for success. We have opened people's eyes to the history of Ireland; a history nine out of ten of us know nothing about."

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "but that's surely wrong! Why, ever since I can remember, the Irish have deafened the world by appeals to history—what about Limerick, the Union, '98, the Penal Laws?"

"I daresay it sounds incomprehensible to English ears—but it's true nevertheless. We learned something of English Ireland but of Irish Ireland we know less than nothing. In our schools, for instance, Irish history is under a strict taboo. Of course, I know there were political reasons; but looking at it even from a purely English point of view it was a great mistake. The remedy was worse than the disease. You banished Irish history from the schools, and it found its home at the fire-side and the street corner. The natural result followed: one side are always angels and the other always devils. Sometimes an historian tries to hold the balance even; but there are few to listen to him—we have soaked ourselves so long with strong waters, that anything milder seems tasteless."

"With the language itself things were worse. In the forties it was still flourishing. Emigration and the Famine struck it a hard blow, but it lived. Then came the National Schools. They were well meant—I don't dispute that. What was their effect, though? It sounds like comic opera, but it's true, unfortunately. The children, to whom English was as intelligible as Arabic, were forced to learn everything through that medium, and schoolmasters took a pride in flogging the Irish out of them—you can imagine the result!"

"But," I interrupted, "if the people had really been in earnest they might have made a much better fight. They gave it up very easily."

He nodded. "I am coming to that, and it is the blackest thing against us. Even to-day the bitterest opposition we meet is from our own people. 'What's the good of it?' they say. 'It'll fail as everything else failed—look at O'Connell, Butt, Parnell.' The Gaelic-speaking population themselves have to a certain extent lost heart. It has been preached to them so often that Irish was barbarous, clumsy, and, greatest crime of all, 'not respectable,' that many of them disclaim all knowledge of it, and stultify their intelligence by adopting a jargon of 'pidgin English.'

"Still this state of affairs arose from a very natural mistake. For a long time even the best Irishmen fancied that to be equal with England all they had to do was to imitate England. That was the cardinal error of the Young Irelanders—the most unselfish Irish movement of the century. They thought a great part of the salvation of Ireland lay in reading Carlyle and stringing heroic ballads. If we had taken to Carlyle it would have done us a lot of good, but we never advanced that far. Look at the book-stall in the next station and you will see precisely where we stopped."

"I know nothing more depressing than to see the thousands of penny weeklies that are mailed off every Saturday to the smallest towns all over Ireland, where it is ten chances to one you would not find a copy of George Eliot or Sir Walter Scott if you searched the whole place."

"I have often heard these papers objected to on literary grounds, but I never knew they were considered harmful."

"Ah! you don't take my point. In England these papers are a nuisance, but I should scarcely call them actively injurious. In Ireland they are wholly artificial, as artificial as one of Kipling's cockney ballads would be to a Hindu. Indeed, in many ways the position of the lower classes in Ireland is very like that of those Hindus who have forgotten their own language for a smattering of English, picked up from cram books in missionary schools."

"And the object of the Gaelic League, I presume, is to remedy this?"

"As far as possible. We want to make an Irish Ireland—not necessarily an Ireland isolated from the rest of the world, but an Ireland capable of originating thought for itself, instead of borrowing wholesale from the thought of other nations.

"It has been a hard fight, but on the whole we are advancing, slowly, very slowly, but still advancing. Nearly every Irish paper to-day publishes a column of Gaelic, and that in itself means much. Then the different *Féisanna* all over the country have helped. Prizes are offered for unpublished Irish airs and original compositions in Irish prose and verse, with the result that instead of music-hall ditties and questionable stories, the people are beginning to sing the old songs and tell the old tales again.

"No doubt that does not seem a great achievement, but a little leaven leavens the whole lump. And when unbelievers sneer at us they should remember that up to the present we have been only clearing the road. The constructive work is still to come. We must give Irishmen something in place of the foreign importations they have left aside. We must teach them to stand on their own feet, to be self-sufficing, to mould what is good in other nations to their own necessities, not to be moulded by it. Nationality, that is what we want."

The train whistled suddenly, and he popped his head out of the window.

We were crawling along the bare flank of a mountain, in front was a huddle of weather-beaten houses, set in a stony, treeless valley, and beyond that the Atlantic stretched green and blue to the horizon. Everywhere a great stillness brooded, and the air was full of the scents of heather and peat smoke.

He waved a hand comprehensively. "Here it is at last—Irish Ireland. This is the bed-rock on which we are going to build."

The train drew up at the tiny station with a prodigious clatter, and I helped him out with his luggage. "If you come back in five years," he said, holding out his hand, "please God you'll find a different country."

As we steamed out I saw him in the midst of a knot of sunburnt peasants, chattering noisy welcomes: and on the fringe of the crowd I caught a glimpse of fluttering magenta shawls, and below the shawls a vision of flashing black eyes and smiling lips, from which I am sure the liquid Gaelic sounded like a caress. Someday I think I shall go there to study Irish myself.

J. W.

## Correspondence.

"Rather."

SIR,—Your article on "Words: Some True and False Uses," was most interesting, but I venture to call to your notice a most ill-used adverb whose case ought to be taken up. I mean the word "rather," which seems to be assuming the meaning assigned to it by the schoolboy who, when you ask him if he has enjoyed his holidays, will probably reply, "Rather," and we know what that means. But why in serious writing should "rather" be twisted from its real meaning and made to do the duty of "very"? But so it is, and in Lucas Malet's last book it comes in frequently: "A rather delightful house," "A rather tremendous" something or other.

Can anything be "rather tremendous"? This is an English error, and quite as offensive to me as the Americanism "right" delightful or "right" tremendous would be, though I am not an American.—I am, &c.,

ELIZABETH SEYMOUR.

[The use of "rather," objected to by our correspondent, is, of course, indefensible. It belongs, however, to Society semi-

slang rather than to any lasting bad habit of speech; and probably in Lucas Malet's novel it is put into the mouths of her characters.]

## The Irish Brogue.

SIR,—I have been much interested in the correspondence which recently appeared in the ACADEMY on the subject of the Irish brogue, as represented by English writers.

May I observe that not only the brogue, but also the expressions common to Irish people, are often most ludicrously misrepresented?

In a serial story which went through the *Sunday Strand* about a year ago an Irish curate is represented as saying: "You'll be after wanting me to get so-and-so." Now such an expression is totally at variance with the Irish idiom, which solely refers to the past, and is, indeed, a literal translation from the original Celtic. "I'm after looking, after buying," &c., means that the speaker has just finished doing certain things, and is closely akin to the French idiom, "Je viens de chercher, viens d'acheter," &c., literally, I come from doing so-and-so. To garble the past with the future is an offence that no Irish person ever committed. "I'm after doing so-and-so" may be considered vulgar, but it is certainly not ungrammatical.

An expression which English writers frequently put into the mouths of their Irish peasants is "By jabbers." I have lived the greater part of my life in Ireland, both in the north and south, but I have never heard it. "Bedad!" and "Begor!" are quite common, but not "By jabbers!" It would be advisable for English writers to leave the Irish dialect severely alone, for they are sure to come to grief when they try to represent it. They generally produce an impossible jargon, built after the conventional stage pattern.

Not long ago, an English novel-writer, describing an arrival at a railway station in Ireland, mentioned that a "jaunting-car, drawn by a pair of spirited grey horses, was waiting to convey the travellers to their destination!"—I am, &c.,

C. J. HAMILTON.

## The Plague of Women.

SIR,—Referring to the article in a recent issue, wherein you very justly satirise the "art" of such writers as "Rita," I venture to enter a protest against the tendency exhibited by women writers to monopolise the field of fictional work. Were the majority of these writers earning their daily bread by their toil, I would not for one moment make this protest, but it is a notorious fact that at least 75 per cent. of female novelists enjoy independent incomes (a) from property of their own, (b) from their positions as wives of wealthy men; and, in view of this fact, it seems scandalous that male writers, who have to rely for their existence upon the profits of their work, should find themselves excluded from well-nigh every journal which publishes serial fiction, simply because women will accept lower rates,

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and will, in the words of an editor friend of my own, "write for the fun of the thing." Obviously, the "fun" is confined to themselves, for the readers do not participate in the same when reading the nauseous twaddle which usually goes to make up the average serial.

To me it seems almost uncanny and inexplicable that a woman, with an assured income of say £500 or £1,000 a year, should desire to spend many hours daily in turning out sickly slosh, when she might employ her time in a dozen different ways more interesting and more pleasant. In speaking thus, I am not referring to writers of the George Eliot type, whose authorship is as essentially a part of themselves as their hands, tongues, or hearts; but I am referring to those ladies who could make bricks, brushes, or anything else with the same skill as they write novels. Let them leave the art of fiction alone—they do nothing to elevate it, and they rob male writers of their living.

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Lord Kitchener referred, some months ago, to the "plague of women in South Africa." The plague exists elsewhere, and nowhere more aggressively than in the field of modern fiction.—I am, &c., A LITERARY FREE-LANCE.

Playgoers' Club, W.C.

["A Literary Free-Lance" has expended more indignation than thought on his letter. It ought to be a matter of no difficulty for "male writers" to compete successfully against "sickly slosh." If they cannot do this their complaint lies not against the well-to-do women writers who produce it, but against the publishers, editors, and above all the public, who welcome it. Of course, male writers who are in the "sickly slosh" line themselves, and cannot make it pay, have a trade grievance. But for such our heart refuses to bleed.]

### Dourness.

SIR,—In an extract which you give from Mr. Archer's article on Professor Masson there occurs the following sentence: "Dourness is the one national characteristic in which Professor Masson is lacking."

As a Scotsman Mr. Archer ought to know that the word "dour" means "sullen," or "sulky," and no man having any acquaintance with the character of the average Scot can say that of him.

Stubbornness or doggedness may be national characteristics, but "dour" conveys a deeper meaning. That there are Scotsmen to whom the epithet might justly be applied goes without saying, but there are also sulky Americans and Englishmen.—I am, &c., ROY CARMICHAEL.

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